THE TRUTH ABOUT RUBYE DE REMER'S HUSBAND

Movie Weekly

MAY 3
1924

10¢

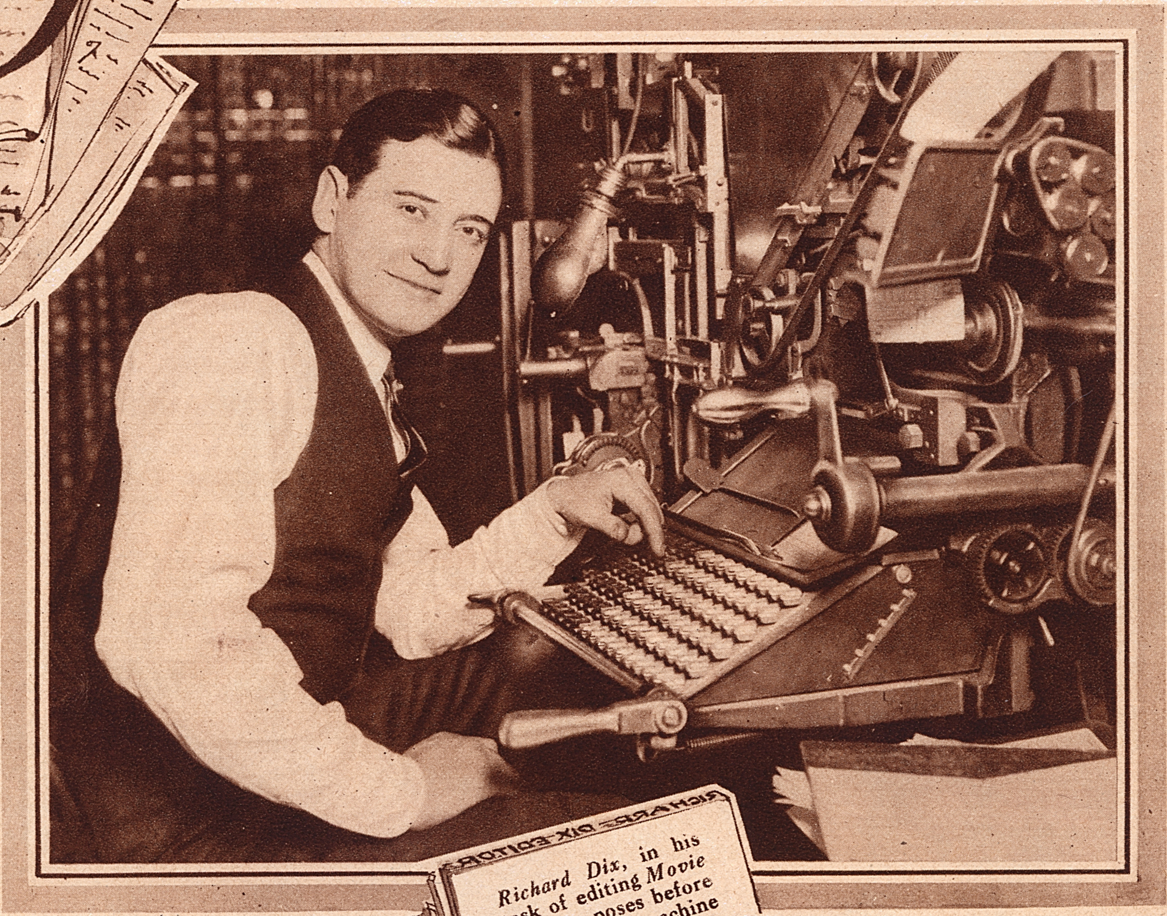
New Styles in Screen Lovemaking

Where are those Old-timers Now ?

Betty Jewel
Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

No. 13 MOVIE WEEKLY Vol. IV
PRINTED IN U.S.A.
May 3, 1924

Richard DIX edits MOVIE WEEKLY



Richard Dix, in his task of editing *Movie Weekly*, poses before the linotype machine to have his picture taken.

Our Next Issue

Of Movie Weekly will go to press under the able guidance of Richard Dix, popular screen star, who came up to see us the other day and acted as editor of his own special edition.

This means—that through next week's issue of Movie Weekly our readers will come to know Richard Dix, screen star and man, as his intimate friends know him.

You Will See

The man who receives more fan letters from feminine admirers than any other screen star, as he actually is—simple, human and likable.

In addition to which next week's issue of Movie Weekly will contain many additional features of keen interest to our readers.

On the newsstands Thursday.

Watch for the RICHARD DIX ISSUE!

Published weekly by the MOVIE WEEKLY PUBLISHING CORP., 1926 Broadway, New York City and 166 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Ill., in the United States and Great Britain. Charles A. Penn, President; Wallace Hamilton Campbell, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20. 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription $4.00 a year; in Canada, 50 cents extra for postage; foreign subscriptions, $1.00 extra. In Canada—single copy, 15 cents. (*Copyrighted 1924 by Movie Weekly Publishing Corp.*)

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

What I Learned about Men from the MOVIES

by Nita Naldi

Popular *screen star* tells how she received post graduate course in *masculine peculiarities* during her career on the *screen*

***An interview with* Regina Cannon**

NITA was late It isn't a habit with her—nor an affectation, nor a conscientious observance of the "what you can get away with and still be correct" rules in the Book of Etiquette. Like ourself, she can just sit around waiting for it to come time to start for a place, and then be late. We can appreciate and even sympathize with her in this respect, for the things we simply cannot do are to be on time and look smart in our limited wardrobe.

But in the little matter of gilding the lily—as the art of wearing clothes is sometimes called—Nita has it all over most of the cinema celebrities. She always looks like a million dollars—off the screen as well as on. She is one of the few stars who are as good-looking out of pictures as prepossessing when appearing in them.

To us, Nita Naldi is the stunningest-looking girl we've ever seen. Her features are so perfect that they seem chiseled, and she has skin as smooth and as unblemished as a baby's. Incidentally, Time hasn't had a chance to mar her beauty, for Miss Naldi only celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday on April Fool's Day, which, by the way, is a little annoying to Nita, for while April 1st is as good a day as any for a birthday, still there *are* 364 days in the year that haven't become a historical, not to say hysterical, joke.

Well, as we said, Nita was as late and as smart-looking as ever. She didn't attempt to apologize, for we had given her an understanding look.

"Let's get a corner table," she suggested, "if there's such a thing to be had at this hour." And there was. "Now," she continued approvingly, "I like the way you *don't* fuss about having had to wait. A man would, I think. That is, if he knew you well enough to call attention to your faults—and I suppose if he didn't know you well, you wouldn't have any faults."

"You seem to have the low-down on men," we said with admiration.

"Oh, one does learn something of men from the movies," replied Miss Naldi. "And one of the things one learns early and often is that men are delightful to work with. They have no petty jealousies. They are a help, not a hindrance. They don't up-stage a woman — and up-staging means taking the best position for themselves."

"Parking right in front of the camera," we suggested.

"Right," agreed Nita. "A woman star will generally see that there's 'nothing to be desired' from the angle at which she is photographed. The other feminine members of the company can get 'shot' from any disadvantageous position they may happen to be in, as long as she looks as picturesque as a Gainsborough landscape to the camera's eye.

"As a sex," said *Miss Naldi*, "men are much more willing to give the other fellow a chance than women are."

"MEN stars, on the other hand, know it is to the advantage of the picture for the leading lady to look her best. They 'play up' to her, in the vernacular of the studio. If her profile is good, they'll see that she gets plenty of opportunity to turn it towards the camera. If she is prettiest when looking at the camera, the male star will try to see that she gets her close-ups from that position.

"There is no one," continued Miss Naldi, "more generous in this respect than Mr. Valentino. When I worked with him in 'Blood and Sand,' I was new to the ways of the screen and the tricks of the camera. Rudy could have up-staged me at every turn of the camera's crank and I wouldn't have been any the wiser. He did not, as a woman star might have done, take advantage of my ignorance. He played the big scenes with me in the foreground, and I think that no small part of his success is due to his generosity and willingness to co-operate with other members of the cast."

"In other words, he doesn't hog the whole picture," we remarked.

"INDEED he doesn't," agreed our hostess. "And in this respect John Barrymore is like him. My first part in pictures was with Mr. Barrymore in 'Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde,' and I must say that Mr. Barrymore displayed the patience of Job as far as I was concerned. He went over our scenes together until I'd gotten them down as nearly perfect as a novice can ever hope to get a scene. I'm glad to be able to thank him publicly for the part in my success—if it can be called a success—that he has played. For if Mr. Barrymore hadn't been so kind and considerate about helping me, my screen career might have ended with 'Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde,' for it was through my work in that production that I was offered other roles."

Right about here we thought that if Nita Naldi ever tires of acting before the camera, she might turn press agent for Rudy or Jack Barrymore, for she was so sincere and earnest in singing their praises that one just *knew* she meant every word of it. Incidentally, we feel that this beautiful girl is herself generous to a fault and she seems never to forget a kindness.

But Nita is no Polyanna, going around loving the world in general. If she doesn't like a person, she'll say so, like any human being who is not a hypocrite.

"Rod La Rocque," she went on, "is a fine young actor. He has years of stage training to rely on and is a splendid technician. We played together in 'Don't Call It Love,' and he is a joy to work with. He doesn't attempt to take what isn't his and will always give the woman the best position before the camera if to the picture's advantage."

"Nita," we asked, "are *all* the men nice to work with, and all the women difficult?" we asked.

"That's the point," replied Miss Naldi with animation, "all the men I've happened to work with have been fine. Of course there are a good many I haven't played opposite and they may not have the world's best dispositions, but on the whole, men are more satisfactory and less temperamental, as a sex, to work with than women stars. Anyway, that's my story," finished Nita, "and I'll stick to it!"

How a RICH YOUNG AMERICAN BEAUTIFUL

***Ben Throop*, heir to *$25,000,000* Pitts-**
***Rubye De Remer* crowned by matri-**
wooed and won *screen beauty* over

By T. Howard

HE was the son of a Pittsburg coal baron and the heir to twenty-five million dollars.

She was a screen star, young, famous and beautiful.

They met, and he fell in love with her. It was under a honey-colored harvest moon this happened, in far-away Hollywood, where the girl was an actress in the movies and he a tourist — just passing through.

But the power that had made love flame in his breast as he beheld this wonder girl of the screen, held him captive beneath its sway, until he had plighted his troth and asked her to marry him.

That was years ago—two, to be exact. And now they are married, and the romance that sprang into being when he first beheld her fragile blonde beauty in far-off Hollywood has been consummated in matrimony in equally far-off France; for Ben Throop, the man in the case, and Rubye De Remer, the woman, were married recently in Paris, according to cabled reports to this country.

Not so long ago the story was broadcasted that parental ire on the part of Throop's father stood in the way of marriage for this youthful pair of romanticists. As the story was told and re-told, it became more and more sensational, gathering melodrama as it was passed on from one person to another. It was said that Miss De Remer's chances in the studios had been hurt by the Throop millions. One newspaper broadly declared that the coal fortune was being used to block her film success, to dim her glamor in the eyes of the young heir apparent by keeping her out of the limelight engendered by her screen appearance.

But apparently young Throop's heart was not to be swayed by any varying fortunes which may have befallen Rubye in the pictures or otherwise. He proved himself of the steadfast heart, following her trail from the Golden Gate to the Grand Central. He was on the Avenue when she promenaded. He was waiting at the studio doors over on Long Island when her day's work was done.

Young Throop, a disciple of persistence, was ever near. His attentions never losing in strength or consistency. This campaign was not without its reward, for soon he was the favored of the many.

Then came news about her venture into the desert wastes of Africa as a member of Rex Ingram's Metro company. Ben Throop was not a man to let the blue-green ocean stretch between him and the object of his love. Crossing the Atlantic meant nothing in his young life.

And so his baggage was checked aboard a giant liner . . . a greyhound of the sea. Ten days later, outfitted for the heat of the African clime, he climbed aboard a camel, helmeted and armed for the plunge into the mysterious, trackless wastes that cast their spell upon Rex Ingram . . . enough to bring him back to spend his life near Tunis.

It was beyond Tunis that Ben Throop found Rubye, and pleaded his cause. This time she did not put him off. She gave the promise that has just culminated in marriage.

***Rubye De Remer*, famous screen beauty, who has just married *Ben Throop*, a young *Pittsburg* millionaire.**

AND now to come to the true facts which have played such an important part in this love role of life enacted by a beauty from the screen and a young man from one of America's richest and most prominent families, socially.

Miss Texas Guinan, a lifelong friend of Rubye De Remer's, has furnished Movie Weekly with facts concerning both the principals in this story, facts which positively contradict the sensational, but ridiculously untrue, statements purporting to show that detectives shadowed every step of the romance in an effort to blight the whole affair.

BEN THROOP'S parents died when he was a child. Consequently, Miss Guinan brands as emphatically false all of the stories which indicate that the elder Throops have tried to ruin Miss De Remer's screen career, or that they have paid sleuths to shadow her in the studios and her private life. The young man was brought up by two aunts in Scranton, Pa. Neither of these relatives, states Miss Guinan, has ever opposed the romance in any manner.

"Why the very idea of such opposition, and such tactics as have been described in newspaper reports. They are ridiculously absurd!" cried Miss Guinan, "Ben Throop's money has no strings tied to it. He must have about twenty million dollars in his own name right now. He has always been in possession of large means. Ben is an only child. The real reason for the wedding's delay is to be found in the fact that Miss De Remer put him off until the other day."

The youthful millionaire, who has at last taken Rubye for his bride, is a sportsman, owning large kennels in Pennsylvania, where he gives much attention to the breeding of highly pedigreed dogs. He is also a polo enthusiast, and a great believer in outdoor life, carrying out a regular physical culture program every day of his life.

There have been all kinds of contradictory reports printed regarding Miss De Remer since she came into the limelight as the sweetheart of a rich youth. The authenticity of her present name has been doubted. There have been all sorts of stories published regarding her plunge into the theatrical world.

"De Remer is her own name," testified Miss Guinan. "She is about twenty-four years old and is the daughter of a Denver real estate man who died last year. Rubye, contrary to hearsay and gossip, has always lived with her mother ever since her stage and screen debut."

Possessed of an exceptionally pleasing singing voice, Rubye De Remer began at an early age to reveal theatrical ambitions. Texas Guinan, now

COAL BARON WON THE HEART OF A SCREEN STAR

burg estate, **has long courtship to mony—*Young coal baron* successfully a period of several long years**

Kelly

famous in her own right as a vaudeville artist, was one of the first to hear the girl's budding ambitions from her own lips.

"On her way home from school, Rubye used to stop off to see me. Her dreams were of the footlights . . . in the magic of the silver screen. These were her girlish stars of romance! I advised her many times to achieve her ambitions. Later, acting on my suggestion, she found a place in a Shubert production."

FROM her first night behind the footlights, Rubye De Remer's star began to climb upwards toward the horizon of fame.

Paul Helleu, connoisseur of feminine face and form, named her as the most beautiful girl in the world. Her name became famous along a street called Broadway, spreading like wild-fire across the continent to the land of crystal-roofed studios.

Came an offer from a picture company.

Rubye accepted and started down the Western trail again. She worked before Famous Players' cameras . . . she posed in the flare and glare of Klieg lights down at Universal City. Fans who used to follow the Lasky pictures featuring 'Gene O'Brien and Catherine Calvert, will remember Miss De Remer's parts in those productions.

While on location in the Adirondacks, she lost her health from a cold while filming "Lady Luxury." She was forced to keep away from the camera for many months. However, this period of forced inactivity on her part has been attributed to very different reasons by the newspapers. One journal went so far as to say the following:

"She had seen herself go through the misery of being cast for small parts, and then not being used at all by the big film companies, who felt the secret influence of the Throop millions. Her health had suffered, and from the most beautiful girl in America she had become a thin, sallow and silent Rubye."

It is always this way, however, whenever people reach any high level of prominence in the theatrical or social world. There are always tongues wagging . . . wagging. Always ready to spread stories that are not only untrue, but deliberately mean.

According to Miss Guinan, Rubye De Remer has always been in possession of comfortable financial means. Since making her own way in the world, her check book has always been open. Each summer she has paid the way of several poor families to the seashore, or done other good turns for those not as fortunate as herself.

At the present time the newlywed Throops are touring Continental Europe. The young bridegroom has been cabled by friends to the effect that false statements have been circulated about them. Through his bankers, the Morgans, he has wired back that immediately upon his return he will take steps to contradict such statements, and prove their utter falsity.

He states that he does not want any fictitious shadows hovering over the romance that has brought him great happiness. It is Miss De Remer's intention to accept one of the several picture offers that have been made to her recently. She will begin work before the camera as soon as possible after her return.

At home in *Hollywood,* Miss *De Remer,* always a sports enthusiast, is shown here about to play a round of golf.

***Miss De Remer* and *Bebe Daniels* in a stro dramatic scene from *"Glimpses of the Moon,"* a recent photoplay.**

SHE does not intend to give up her screen career just because her marriage to a millionaire makes her a rich woman. Rubye began her career because she was ambitious, and her ambition has not abated in the slightest. As Mrs. Ben Throop she will still pursue her work before the camera.

As for the rumor that the Throop millions had been used to keep her out of pictures, that is not only absurd but, if it were true, would also be quite ineffectual. Young Mr. Throop is too much in love with his fair bride for any question of her "glamor" as a film star to enter into his infatuation.

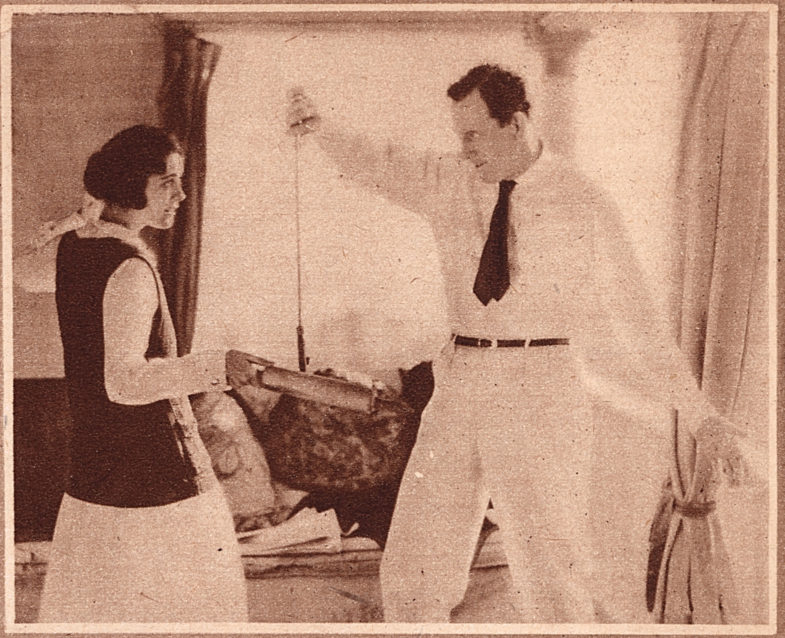
As for her love, it has endured through all the vicissitudes of family disputes and wranglings and all the efforts of the Throop family to break up the match. Rubye has found true love and nothing can quench her devotion to her new husband.

Perhaps, if anything, her devotion has become even stronger, because it had to fight for its existence. The old, old story of true love never running smoothly!

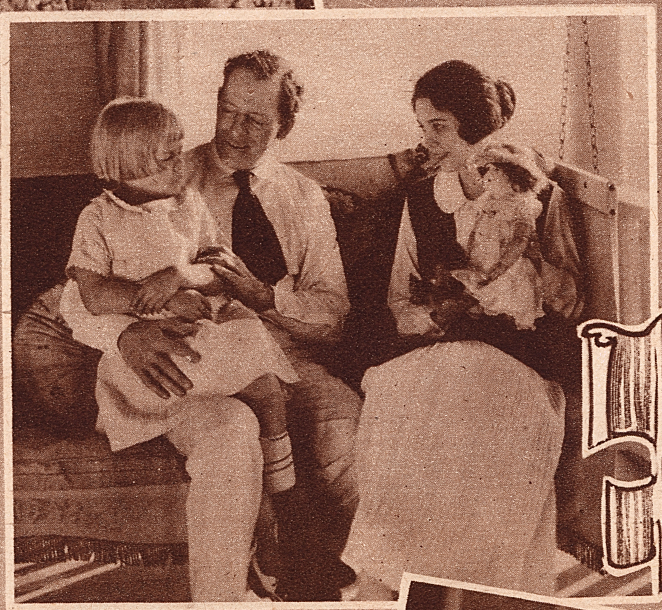
In any case, the course seems to be smooth at last for the young couple.

May they live happily ever after!

Lila LEE and James KIRKWOOD AT HOME

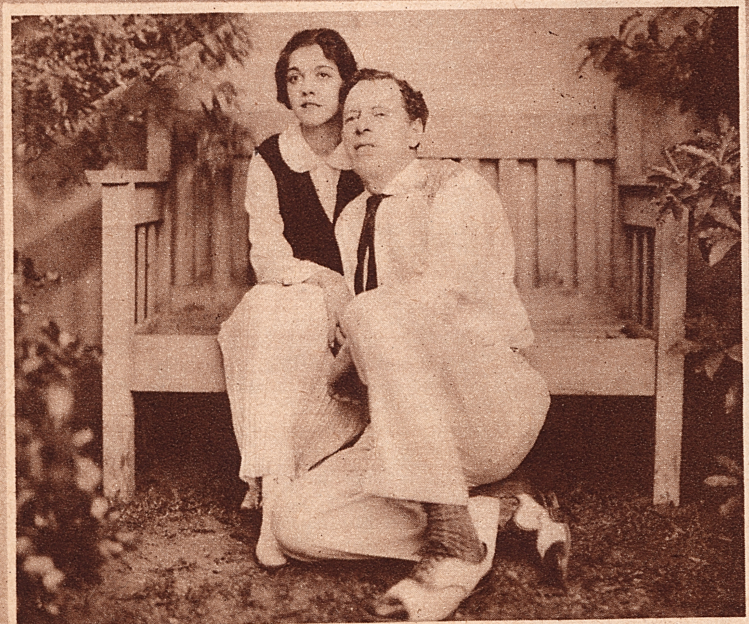


A-round and a-bout the home! This is Round 1, with *Lila* and *Jimmy* staging a mock battle.



An *April* shower. *Lila Lee* gets out her garden hose and offers hubby, *James Kirkwood*, a drink.

Seeing stars! The neighbors' little girl brings her doll to pay a visit to the stars.



When a park bench has distinguished occupants. *Lila* and *Jimmy* park themselves on a bench in their own grounds.

Tea for two. *Mr.* and *Mrs. James Kirkwood* over their teacups, read their fortunes in each other's eyes.

The Youngest Vamp on the SCREEN

Dainty little *Gladys Quartaro,* who is a *protege* of *D. W. Griffith,* says that *men* who let themselves be *"vamped"* are silly —Hear her views on the subject

By David A. Balch

WHAT, after all, is a vamp? Is she the popular conception of screen siren who flourished during the heyday of Theda Bara and Louise Glaum? Or is she just a girl with an uncanny capacity for fascinating men from the first moment that they stare at her breathless on the street or in a candy store, until they lose their wits in utter distraction and actually do something desperate?

We don't know, we must confess, just what actually does constitute a "vamp," but we think that the quality of it, whatever it is, is contained in no uncertain quantity within the small electric person of Gladys Quartaro. And, strangest of all, Gladys is the last person who knows it.

Miss Quartaro's screen career is brief but vivid. She came to the movies after an apprenticeship of child parts on the stage, notably with George Cohan in "A Prince There Was," and her most significant contribution to the films was under the manner of D. W. Griffith in "America." Mr. Griffith, ever sensitive to the appeal of new talent, sensed in this dark little lady something that reminded him of the late Clarine Seymour. So he used her in "America."

Following which, on a morning we shall never forget, the lady herself came in to see us. It was our first glimpse of her and she paused framed in the doorway, a small, dark figure with a dead white face and eyes that were big and black and luminous. Here, distinctly, was our mental comment, was something very well worth looking at. And we looked.

Now, we've never been vamped to our knowledge, but we must confess that, after viewing Miss Quartaro, we felt a deeper sympathy for that poor gentleman in the poem, "A Fool There Was" than we'd ever dreamed was possible. And then we learned that she was only sixteen years old.

The youngest vamp on the screen, we apostrophized.

And off it, too, was our second thought, as Miss Quartaro settled her small, perfumed self in a chair nearby and smiled radiantly back at us.

A vamp, we thought definitely, should certainly talk about men and with this in mind we asked Miss Quartaro a question or two about the sex of which we are one, and the art of vamping 'em. The little lady was quite explicit in her views.

"Oh, you can't vamp a real man," she told us. "You can only vamp cake-eaters and parlor snakes."

"Just what are *they*?" we queried, for we are ever in a mood to learn something.

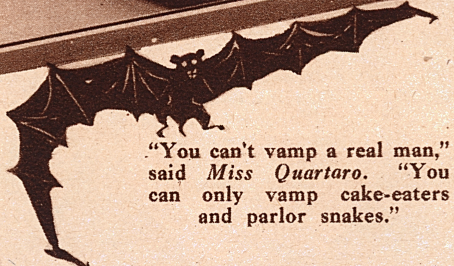
Miss Quartaro fidgeted a bit uneasily. Then her smooth white brow wrinkled slightly in perplexity.

"Oh, a cake-eater is a young fellow with his hair slicked back," she answered, "and a parlor snake is a fellow who tries to kiss every girl he goes to call on."

"Splendid!" we returned. "We fear in our time we've been both of those, but we never knew we had a name before."

She looked at us a little doubtfully, and we hastened to ask her about her work.

"What sort of a part did you play in 'America'?" we asked, for we had known of her apprenticeship with Griffith and the excellent promise she gave of a career to come.



"You can't vamp a real man," said *Miss Quartaro.* "You can only vamp cake-eaters and parlor snakes."

She hestitated a little as she searched our face keenly with her enormous dark eyes.

"I was a sort of vamp," she replied slowly, "an Indian girl vamp of revolutionary times."

We sat back and marvelled.

"Well, that is educational for us," we murmured. "We didn't know that there were such things in those good old simple days. We thought vamps were a creation of the twentieth century—not the eighteenth.

How did you learn to do it?"

Miss Quartaro smiled pleasantly and we smiled back.

"Every girl knows how to vamp," she told us. "That's the one thing she doesn't have to be taught." And then she laughed—a ringing, musical laugh that was just childish enough to be quite delightful. After which we learned that she had been born in Spain and educated here; had made her stage debut at the age of five with the Mt. Vernon Stock Company, and then had appeared with Olga Petrova when that illustrious actress made her screen appearance in "The Undying Flame" and "The Stream of Life." Perhaps it was with Petrova that she learned how to vamp, for the latter lady is the most fascinating personality we have known.

But, although Mme. Petrova may reign supreme in her powers of fascination, Gladys Quartaro is unquestionably the best for her age. And this, when you consider that her age is only sixteen, is saying a very great deal.

"Gladys," we asked, a little at a loss for something to talk about, "who are your favorites in the movies. Which men do you like the best?"

HER lips pursed and her round, slender shoulders shrugged expressively.

"I am afraid I am fickle where men are concerned, "she went on to explain. "One day I think I like Rudolph Valentino, and the next I like Ramon Novarro. And then again, on the day following, I may like Richard Barthelmess."

We smiled our sympathy, for we thought we understood how much, in this respect, our attractive little visitor resembled her sex at sixteen the world over.

"Because I saw 'America' yesterday," she continued, "I think Neil Hamilton is my latest crush. I worked with him, you know, and oh, he was just . . ."

But out of consideration for Mr. Hamilton, we are going to spare him the barrage of compliments.

Gladys is sixteen. And tomorrow she may regret that she had sung her latest idol's praises so highly—concerned then with another.

But, in all events, we wish—even for a day or hour—we might ourself be the object of such rare, adoring homage.

But, alas, we are not a screen star!

Where your Old Screen Favorite IS NOW

Marguerite Clark, who used to be the idol of millions of fans, is now the demure little wife of a *New Orleans* millionaire

Marguerite Clark, **former screen star, who is now just an old fashioned wife.**

DO you ever wonder—but of course you do—what has become of your old screen favorites? The stars who used to thrill you in the old days when movies were nickelodeons, and the not-so-old days when admission was ten and fifteen cents? Remember? When the lantern slide illustrated the latest popular song while the tenor stood beside the screen singing it, a little off-key? The days when movies really were "in their infancy," and a little later, when they were growing up!

What has become of your favorite stars of those days?

Some of them have retired in complete obscurity, with their children clustered around them asking mamma to tell them about the time when she was a screen star. Some left the screen when the public grew tired of them; others left when advancing age warned them that their day was about done. Still others grew tired of working and retired to live on their accumulated fortune, or their husbands'.

Take Marguerite Clark, for instance, the diminutive star of the "Bab" series, of "The Seven Swans," "Little Miss Hoover" and dozens of other popular successes. No star in screendom had her name in larger electrics than little Miss Clark—and that was not so long ago, either.

Where do you suppose Miss Clark is now?

She is still a popular favorite, still a star, but the limelight now shines on her in the quaint old city of New Orleans. It shines on her as the wife of Harry Palmerston Williams, wealthy lumberman and prominent in New Orleans society. Marguerite is Mrs. Williams, but she still retains the glamor of Marguerite Clark, the lovely little screen star, as well as the lovely social leader.

For Marguerite is a social leader Just as her charms made her stand out on the screen, so they have won for her an envied place in New Orleans social life. Her father-in-law's mansion occupies a whole square on St. Charles St., New Orleans' most fashionable boulevard, and is one of the show-places of the city. A fitting place for a queen of the movies to retire to—and become a queen of society.

Such is the story of Marguerite Clark. Occasionally one hears tales of her triumphs, socially, which equal her screen triumphs.

Not long ago, for instance, she dazzled New Orleans as the queen of a Russian carnival. The ball room where the affair was held was transformed into a setting of Central Russia, with Grand Dukes and Duchesses, Princesses and even the Czar himself represented.

The Imperial box under a huge silver crown was a spectacle to dazzle the eye. Alexis, the Czar of all the Russias, was impersonated there, and with him, in the Imperial box, were two royal princesses and the Imperial Consort, Natalia Nariskina — Marguerite Clark herself.

Marguerite Clark Williams and her millionaire husband on the steps of their *New Orleans* home.

As the ball ceremoniously opened, Marguerite, at a given signal, left her box, amidst a storm of applause. She looked as if she were born to be a queen; ablaze with jewels, with her royal mantle sweeping regally behind her and her blue fan held gracefully, magnificently, in her hand.

Such a queen was Marguerite Clark. Such a queen is she—once of the movies, a kingdom she has left behind. But with charms like Marguerite Clark's, one is bound to be a queen in one's own sphere, whatever it is.

To be so admired one must be more than just a good actress.

And Marguerite is just that!

How Styles in Movie Love Making have changed

by
Estelle TAYLOR

"It is the director who sets the style for screen love-making," said *Miss Taylor.*

Film beauty, **who achieved triumph in "*Ten Commandments,*" describes change which has taken place in *screen matters* of sentiment**

An interview with Alma Talley

Do you ever stop to think, as you see the latest movie of these modern "jazz" days, and another picture of a bygone era, how the styles in love-making have changed? When the hero pops the fateful—or fatal question, how many different ways there are of popping it?

Gone are the days when a man kissed his lady's hand, or the hem of her skirt, or even kneeled at her feet, upon greeting her with the gladsome tidings that he loved her. And even further gone are the days when the young Beaux Brummel hit their sweeties over the head with the gladsome tidings that he loved quest. Yes, love-making methods have certainly changed! And it's up to the movies, in presenting stories of different eras, to reflect those changes.

Who is it that decides the technique of love-making on the screen? Who sets the styles?

Estelle Taylor says it's the director. He knows the atmosphere he wants in his picture better than anyone else and he it is who determines how that atmosphere shall be maintained.

"It is the director who sets the style for screen love-making," said Estelle. "It is most unusual for a director to leave this important matter to the judgment of the actor and actress. As a rule, they have nothing to do with it."

Just now, it seems the vogue in amorous scenes of photoplays is for the woman to slip her hand and arm about the hero's neck and draw him nearer to her. In these days of femininism, the flapper doesn't believe in sitting back coyly while John bashfully stammers out his love message. Your modern miss could never bear to see him suffer like that. If John is bashful and stutters, Mary will just help him out.

"Yes, John," she'll say "I won't bite you. Go ahead and say it. I knew you loved me anyhow."

The flapper is most obliging about meeting her suitors halfway!

And that is the spirit a picture of modern days has to convey, in contrast to the stately period of the minuet, or the rough and ready methods of the cave-man. The director, of course, must interpret the mood of his picture.

"Personally," explained Estelle, "if I am told to do a love scene my own way, I put my hands on the man's breast. It seems to me that there is a decided suggestion of sex in a woman's putting her arm about a man's neck and pulling him closer to her. But if the director insists that you do it his way, the actress of course has to comply."

Estelle has had a meteoric rise just in the past few years. She first came to public notice playing vamp roles for Fox, because of her flashing brown eyes and dark, Latin type of beauty. Since then she has been graduated into leads, until now she has signed a long term contract with Famous Players. And the public undoubtedly will hear of her more and more in the future.

Estelle Taylor and *Forrest Stanley* in a thrilling love scene from "*Bavu,*" a recent picture.

Directing Dumb Beasts

Harry Burns, director of wild animals in the movies and the friend of lions.

How the lion, *the king of beasts,* is made to perform in front of the camera, and a few of the *hazardous incidents* which attend such performances.

By Whitney Williams

ANIMAL pictures as a rule, intrigue one's interest and imagination more than almost any other kind of comedy film. Generally, they are thrilling and ofttimes they are strikingly so. Monkey, chicken, and domestic animal pictures at times pall or become monotonous, but I have yet to find the person who does not honestly and thoroughly enjoy a lion picture, be it full of the animals or only containing a few feet of them.

And who, among all who have ever seen a lion picture, has not had cold chills romp merrily up and down his spine when lions commence to prance about on the silvery sheet? Do you remember seeing a man enter a closet and the lion follow him? Or the old maid, in bed, seeing a lion, pull the covers up over her head and the lion succeeding in getting under the covers too? Although you laughed uproariously at the time, doesn't the remembrance of those few scenes even now thrill you? And the actors themselves. How glad you were that you weren't standing in their shoes! For it took nerve—nerve, more than most of us possess.

Several days ago, it was my good fortune to meet Harry Burns, formerly an animal director at Universal City and who gained fame as the director of the monkey, Joe Martin. For several years he directed lion pictures and through this experience obtained a complete and enviable knowledge of the beasts. His thorough understanding of their every mood became the basis of his wonderful success with them and he may be looked upon as an authority on their subject.

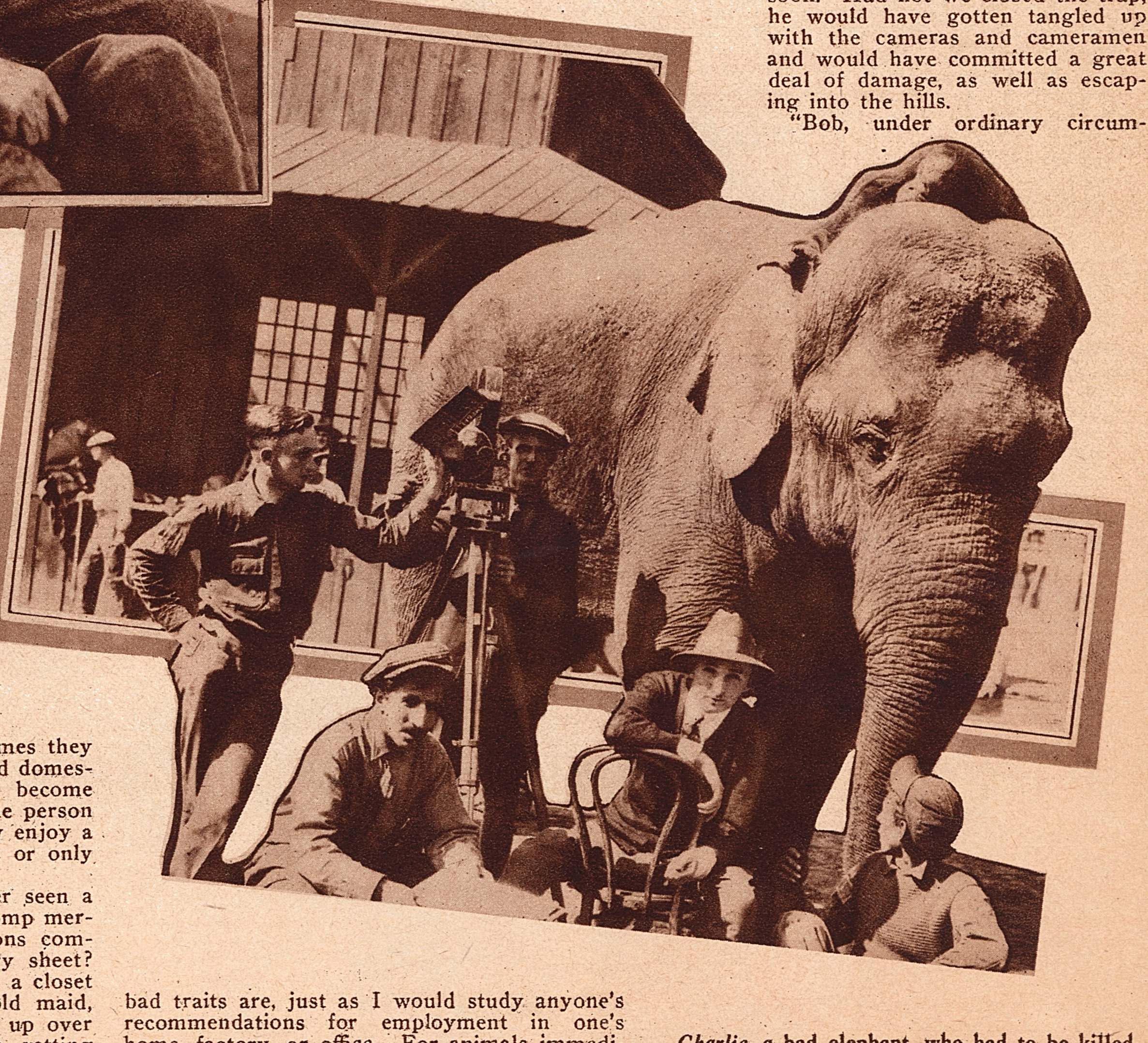
"Whenever I am to work with any wild animal," Mr. Burns said to me, "I want to know his name and family history, what his or her bad traits are, just as I would study anyone's recommendations for employment in one's home, factory, or office. For animals immediately scent one's feelings towards them and if one does not have the data on any beast he cannot be sure of his attitude towards him.

"Having performed and worked with all sorts of wild animals in making pictures, I have come in for many thrilling moments. For instance: My first experience with animals came through a director wanting someone to work with a grizzly bear. Everyone was afraid of the beast. But I took an apple up and fed him out of my hand and the producer decided that I was the very man he wanted. The scene consisted of the bear chasing me over a circus net, and a grand finale of my diving under a carpet, with the bear after me. Accidently, we got tangled up in the carpet and for a minute you couldn't tell which was which. But I finally freed myself and the last you saw of us we were going at top speed down the road with the bear close at my heels.

"From that experience, W. S. Campbell, and I started the Joe Martin comedies, where we became acquainted with a large family of lions. There were Tom, Dick, Harry, Jean, Julia, their offspring, and Ethel, with whom one could do almost anything from putting one's hand in her mouth to yanking her about by the tail.

"THEN there was Bob, who was just the opposite. Distance would lend enchantment to him at any time. You could trust that beast only as long as there wasn't a hole in sight which would be large enough for him to get through. One day, while filming a scene, Bob saw the opening where there were two cameramen grinding away. I was standing guard, with a whip and a chair. Bob looked in my direction and as I shouted, 'Close the trap,' the lion leaped past me and hit the trap just as it was dropped, not a second too soon. Had not we closed the trap, he would have gotten tangled up with the cameras and cameramen and would have committed a great deal of damage, as well as escaping into the hills.

"Bob, under ordinary circum-



Charlie, a bad elephant, who had to be killed. *Joe Martin,* the well-known ape, is on *Charlie's* back. *Mr. Burns* is kneeling at left.

in the Movies

At Right:
A wrestling match before the camera with *Old Ed*, one of the movie lions.

Below:
***Bob*, the lion that *Mr. Burns* trained for the movies.**

stances, like many other lions, was more afraid of you than you were of him. All that lions want is to find a place of safety, where they won't be molested, for they are suspicious that they will be tricked or harmed by human beings. Their own minds act quicker than a man's, and as each one has a different method of defense and attack, it is this that keeps one continually on the alert.

"On another occasion it looked as if our explicit confidence in Bob was on the verge of being shot into smithereens. In one scene, a comedian, Hap Ward, was to be frightened so that he would run into a large safe and close the door after him, to get away from the lion. But the handle of the safe broke at the critical moment and instead of Hap closing the door, with Bob left outside, he was forced to leave it open. Bob, seeing the opening, as usual rushed inside and onto Hap. There they stood, the lion with his paws on Hap's shoulders. Shouting failed to get the lion off the actor until we started into the scene with whips. And then as Hap ran off the scene, the lion followed him closely—not with any malice, however, but just in an attempt to get out of range of the men with whips.

"Thrills are thrills no matter how they come or go. The greatest of them all came to me when my own family was directly in danger. This happened while filming a scene where a man with a gouty foot was being pursued by Bob through a woman's bedroom. My wife was supposed to be asleep and as the two went over the bed in chase she was awakened. She picked up a broom and waited for them to go through again. When they hove in sight, she struck at the man, missed him, and hit the lion. This moved the bed, so that the door through which the animal was to exit slammed shut. The beast jumped off the bed toward where I was standing on guard. Seeing me, he leaped onto the bed again and Mrs. Burns dived over the back of the bed and was hidden by the pillows.

***Mrs. Harry Burns*, wife of the trainer-director, and *Ethel*, a baby lion.**

"The lion, by this time, had become frightened and feared that he was doing something that he shouldn't. As a result, he became surly. When he noticed Mrs. Burns peek out from behind a pillow, he charged at her as if to do her bodily harm. When she ducked behind the pillow, he retreated annd repeated the act three times. The last time, his paw struck the pillow and knocked it away as if it were but a feather.

"At about this moment, I figured that things had progressed far enough, so we closed in and drove Bob off the bed. Mrs. Burns was more frightened than anything else. When asked how she felt, she replied, 'I've a bad taste in my mouth.' To our surprise, at precisely this instant the lights went out and we were in absolute darkness, with a lion loose among us. Someone started to open the door to scramble out. Only my quickwittedness saved us from losing the lion and possibly from someone being hurt, as I shouted, 'Don't anyone move. Light some matches so we can see where Bob is.' The lights coming on, we put him back in his cage, with nobody hurt. But I don't care to go through such an experience again.

"A trainer's life isn't one of rose beds, nor is it so charmed that he is immune from accidents. Curley Stecker, who has worked with animals for years, has really never had a bad accident with any of them, but his 'close calls' are too numerous to mention. One day, when he was doing a comedy scene with four lions, one of them struck a sword that he was holding and its paw tore Curley's right hand. The injury was not serious enough to bother him, but the animal acted more sorry about what had happened than did Curley himself, when he spoke, as to a human, 'See what you did, you bad girl.' Which all goes to show that trainers are human beings, even if they do follow a hard life to earn their daily bread.

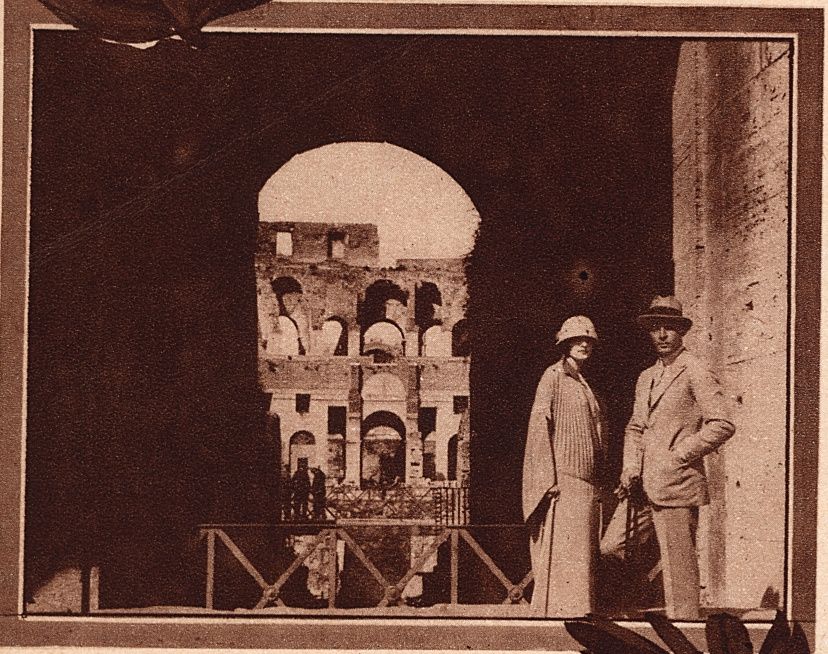
"Charles Gay is the man who made the L K O lions famous, with his family of lions performing with the comedians, who did everything but turn the animals inside out. These thrilling and funny stunts for years caused theatregoers to figure that the animals must be of the toothless variety, or no sane person would tamper with them.

"Knowing each of the lions by name, and the actors who worked with them, I will say that all concerned were dare-devils and that many a near accident registered on the screen often terminated in something more serious

(*Continued on page 29*)

My own Story of my

Rudy and *Natacha* before one of the ancient ruins in Florence, Italy.



Rudy arrives in Florence, the city of age-old romance—The art treasures of the ancient Italian metropolis are source of unending fascination to famous young screen star and his beautiful wife

Out for a walk with the dog. *Rudy* before a *Florentine* villa on an early July morning.

MY arrival in Florence was not what one would describe as living up to that beautiful city.

It is another spot on this earth where one should arrive either on wings, so to speak, or glide gracefully in in a scenic attitude.

One has no idea how difficult it is to be scenic with fourteen pieces of luggage strapped (rather precariously) to a dusty car. I had upon my arrival in Florence two automobile trunks on each side of the fender, on the top of the car were six valises, two hat boxes and then a huge leather steamer trunk, three cameras and all the utensils I might have required (but really didn't very much) to tinker with the car, if tinkering became a dire necessity.

I had the unloading and the care of the luggage to attend to myself, the disposal of it, etc. There is no night service in the hotel in Florence as there is in New York. In fact, as I go on, I find myself increasingly partial to the efficiency of New York hotels. It may not be quite so poetic as the air of desertion and solitude about some of the European hostelries, but a man is not a poet when he is dusty and tired and in need of food, rest and attention. Poetry is for one's hours of leisure, not for one's hours of exhaustion.

We managed the best way we could that first night in Florence, and in the morning, with a gusty sigh of relief, I had the car thoroughly washed, greased and so on. I must say that I attended to necessary details before I gave any attention whatsoever to the beauties of the beautiful, feminine city. I even stood around and supervised the car's grooming, and couldn't help preening myself a bit before the mechanics by telling them the trip we had made, the rate of speed we had made it at, and the comparatively little trouble I had had.

Except for four punctures, all of them in the one day, I had had none of the ailments of which most motorists so copiously complain. Those four punctures I have forgotten to record. They happened in Southern Italy and I had, perforce, to put on the ready overalls and gloves, squeeze under the car and change the defective tires then and there on the open road. Luckily, I had anticipated just such happenstances, knowing that it never rains but it pours even when it comes to punctures, and so I had enough tires with which to make the changes. Also, I did break a spring en route to Nice, but as I didn't know it until I arrived I really didn't consider it worth mentioning. I want to have a record of these minor mishaps in case I should, upon my return, find my motoring Goddess unjustly maligned.

In Bologna we put up at the Grande Hotel Vaglione.

AND while in Bologna, too, I missed a marvellous opportunity on account of the telegraph service, the reprehensibility of which pursues the traveller through my country.

The opportunity was this: Baron Cassinni, a prominent Italian, both socially and politically, a great friend of Mussolini and also, (if I may say so!) a friend of mine, owns a marvellous castle fifteen miles from Bologna, Castello Vincigliata. It is old, very, very old. So old that the ruins are reconstructed from the drawings of the original period—the eleventh century.

What is still more intriguing, or what was especially intriguing to Natacha and myself, at least, was the fact that the Baron has a marvellous collection of paintings, and one of the best collections of furniture of the twelveth and thirteenth centuries Pure Italian. Most of the old Italian masters are represented in that collection of paintings. Botticellos, Rafaellos, Pinturicchios, Peruginis, all of the great and gifted company whose brushes are vested in immortality are in that rare gallery. The eye could plunge into paint, no longer paint thus transfigured; into line so pure as to be breath-taking. It would be to have an orgy of art.

In that old castle there are, besides, rare books, dim old volumes breathing the golden dust of antiquity. Frail vellums and octavos. Words spun into thoughts now one with the archives of Time itself. Precious documents for the lover of words and the collector of the thoughts and scripts and creeds of men long gathered to their fathers.

Old armour, too. Vestments of warriors whose bright heads are in the dust and whose ghosts, mayhap, steal forth from mouldering tombs by night to rattle again within their brave array.

All of this is a tremendously interesting period to me I have always had a fancy for the period from the eleventh to the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. After that it doesn't interest me so much. The savour of antiquity is wine to my imagination. I should like, someday, to have a home filled with the relics of that period of time. The paintings,

Trip Abroad by Rudolph VALENTINO

the books, the objects d'art that made that span of the world's existence so sombrely rich with colour.

Well, I would have given much to have wandered through this storied, fabled place. I would have given at least one quarter of the rest of my trip to have had the opportunity to seap that atmosphere into my veins. Such places, rare enough in this rushing modern age, where one builds for today forgetting Yesterday and only half believing in Tomorrow, are the most that is left of the real Europe. One can rush through cities, skimming their surfaces and get not a tithe of what one would feel in such a place as the Castello Vincigliata.

The telegraph, the modern invention, did for me in that respect. It would be a product of modernity that would shut out the opportunity of agelessness and age.

It transpired that the Baron had sent a telegram to me at my hotel saying that he had also wired to the castello and that the place was at my disposal for as long as I should care to use it. He was, he said, leaving for his apartment on the Riveira. He has, also, another castle in Nettune and keeps the places open and supplied with servants all of the time. I got the telegram just at the moment when I was about to go, having completed my arrangements.

All I could do was to bemoan the fate that had come between me and this place I should have liked so much to see. Natacha was equally disappointed. It is precisely the sort of thing we would both be interested in doing, interested above all other things. Vincigliata is one of the most historic places around Florence. Once a fortress it figured prominently in all the feudal wars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries of the history of Florence.

WE tried to be philosophic about it, figuring that after all one cannot take in everything, and our disappointment was at least partially assuaged, when a day or two later, we visited the castle at Nettune, built by the architect San Gallo and remodelled by Alessandro Six, the Borgia. The castle at Nettuno, by the way, is where Allessandro and Cesare Borgia had their wild parties, which still run through the pages of history like lurid conflagrations.

It is a fascinating place. There are underground passages, secret dungeons, trabochette, prisons. It is built right on the edge of the sea and below the castle, when the ebb tide is low, you can see the pillars. Down there on the floor of the sea are six rooms of a huge Pompeoian villa that was there before the sea rose up and covered that ground. It was a Roman villa anciently used by the Roman Emperors who came there for their villegiatura.

Natacha and I had a wonderful time exploring and allowing our imaginations to run riot. What stories could be written, or re-written, perhaps, dictated by the influences that still steal along those damp underground passages, slip in and out of the secret, sliding panels, moan in their prolonged captivity in the dungeons fronting the sea? It would be, I think, an enormously interesting thing to do a story some day that would make an ancient place such at this one live again, with its patterning of blood and bravery, of treachery and love, dark as wine, even as it so vitally lived centuries ago.

While in Florence we went about and did some shopping that we needed. Not the romantic thing to do in Florence, I fear, but even as with poetry so it is with the allied mistress, Romance. One puts them off and on like bright vestments only to be donned at certain hours for particular occasions. Natacha tells me that I can be the most practical man under the sun, and I well remember that one of the things she first liked me for was my handiness about the house. The way I can connect electric wires, mend furniture, hang pictures and do other odd and useful jobs. My mother believed that a man should learn first of all to be able to use his hands. And I agree with her. It hearks back, no doubt, to the olden days when a man worked only with his hands and builded, indeed, our civilization largely with these useful, indispensable servitors of the body. The delicate evolution of the brain backed the hands and sometimes substituted for the hands . . . back of the dreamer theres always the schemer making the dreams come true . . . words that come back to me ..

What we really shopped for in Florence more than any other things, were books. Costume books. We had heard that there were rare finds to be had down in that section of the town known as Lungarno.

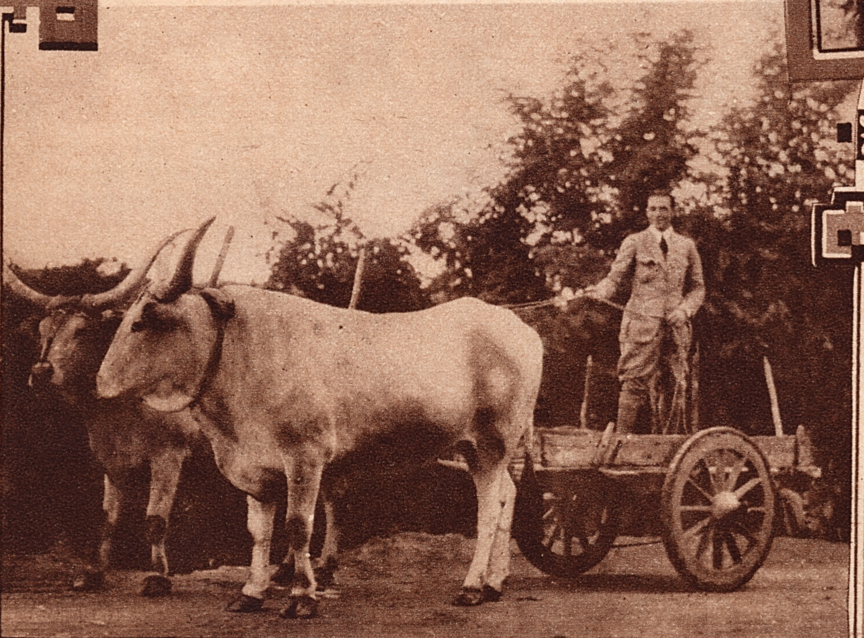
That, by the way is where Dante used to parade in days gone by. The well - known tableau picture of the meeting of Dante and Beatrice took place on just that spot. On the cold stones we tread today an immortal love had birth. I felt as though my feet were pressing the rich aromas from the very stones.

One of the Italian bullocks that are a familiar sight in rural Italy.

WE are always on the look-out for costume books, because you never can tell when you are going to need them. In picture work, where, with any picture one may be called upon to dip back into periods only too little familiar to have a collection of these books is, I think, invaluable. Both Natacha and I feel very strongly about authentic detail. Many a whole is marred because of incongruities that peer out and strike one like wrong notes struck in a symphony.

We found, in Lungarno, one particular book first published in 1500, with sketches of oriental costumes of that period. A very rare book. Almost impossible to find. This particular thing we found only after a really exhaustive search.

Some day we are coming back to spend a considerable period of time in Florence. It would be like paying a beautiful woman a curt compliment and then turning one's back, to say anything about Florence unless one could say a great deal. (*Continued on pa— 25*)



Rudy in the act of driving an oxen team on the outskirts of Florence.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

Corinne Griffith
Photo by RUSSELL BALL

The PICTURES that startled Hollywood

New and rare combination of *art* and *photography* coupled with the *winsome charms* of *Miss Alberta Vaughn* make blase *Hollywooders* sit up and take notice

By James M. Fidler

Alberta Vaughn, one of *Hollywood's* youngest and prettiest movie actresses.
ST. ELMO BOYCE

IMAGINE anything startling Hollywood! You'd think, wouldn't you, that Hollywood would be quite thrill-proof. That the picture city would be so used to odd happenings that nothing could shake it out of its calm. Yes, it would seem so.

And, in truth, Hollywood isn't startled very often. Too many unusual things happen there to cause the natives to become excited.

There was a time, of course, when the California city had its full quota of thrills. That was in the days when a divorce in the screen colony was news, when it aroused the public's chatter.

"Gosh, the goings-on of of those screen folks," Mr. and Mrs. Public would say to each other. "Here's Lettie Starlight changing husbands again. How does she have time to get tired of one—she never keeps him long enough!"

And so Los Angeles, and other cities, would be all agog over each new divorce.

Occasionally the enterprising press agent would find some other means of getting his client into the papers. It was a very simple matter to have his star get lost—on paper, of course. It wasn't always even necessary to have her keep out of sight for a few days. The papers would eat up her disappearance. She would be headlined—and of such is fame, in the movies.

Miss Vaughn as she appeared after *John Oshanna* had finished with her photograph
ST. ELMO BOYCE

Then again, another frequent excuse for publicity was stolen jewels. That was easy, and the truth of the report was seldom checked up. Or it was very simple to have the star break his or her arm while playing in a picture out on location. That was a good one. Not only did it get the star into print, but it also got sympathy from the dear public. Poor Lettie Starlight broke her arm. My, what these poor stars had to suffer for their Art's sake!

YES, all these things used to attract attention. But they became much too common, due to the efforts of striving publicity agents. They were too easy! So Los Angeles became used to them. Nowadays divorces of screen celebrities get small mention in the dailies, while as for a star's getting "lost in the hills"—well, try to spring that one on an editor now! And in the matter of a star's stolen jewels — the poor thing can't even get anyone to believe her when her jewels really do get stolen. That's such old stuff that when a robbery really occurs, no one will take it seriously.

And so, it would seem that blase Hollywood is thrill proof.

Not so! Hollywood *can* become excited. Even now!

John Oshanna did it. He is a Persian artist, who has just set the film colony into violent emotion with his newly invented art which is a combination of photography and painting, a weird combination, as the accompanying illustration shows.

To introduce his novelty, Oshanna persuaded Alberta Vaughn to pose for him and his new combination of camera and pen. Alberta, in case you don't know the lady, is one of the most perfectly formed actresses in motion pictures, a former Sennett bathing beauty, whose looks and vivacity recently elevated her to stardom in F. B. O.'s "Telephone Girl" series. She it was who was selected to pose for Mr. Oshanna's new art. Here is how it was done:

THE backgrounds were painted on cardboard, in gay colors that photograph in black, white, or shades in between. In front of this background stood Alberta Vaughn, wearing—if you please—cardboard! In other words, her garments were also painted on cardboard in colors. Miss Vaughn's body and limbs were powdered white, and black designs were painted on her arms and legs. An exaggerated effect of lips and eyes carried out the thought.

Under a succession of vari-colored lights, Oshanna achieved an odd effect, slightly futuristic, yet with all the symmetry and grace of proper curves and shading.

The Persian artist's idea has swept Hollywood and is rushing East to sweep the entire country.

It must be "different," because Hollywood, jaded Hollywood, tired of everyday effects, of divorces and strange disappearances, of weird stories and crazy thoughts—Hollywood is startled, and pleased with this new photo-art.

While as for the press agents, they are ecstatic! They have found a way to get their stars into print!

And not only is it a new way to get a star's name into print, but it's such a nice respectable way. No scandal! Nothing to injure the stars' prestige, or the good-will of the public. John Oshanna has solved the problem.

Now whenever the star demands a little publicity, the press agent can whisk her to the artist-photographer's studio for some New Art pictures.

"The Enchanted Cottage"

Dick Barthelmess and *May McAvoy* transfigured in *"The Enchanted Cottage."*

New picture reveals *Dick* in two roles—*"The Breaking Point," "The Moral Sinner"* and *"Which Shall It Be?"* among other pictures of the week

***Reviewed by* Harriette Underhill**

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE"

Through the Eyes of Love

An Inspiration Picture, starring Richard Barthelmess and supported by May McAvoy, Holmes Herbert, et al. From the stage play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Directed by John S. Robertson. Opening at the Strand Theatre, New York, April 13th.

A few years ago a man who was interested in writing for the vaudeville stage, said to us: "I've got to get a one-act play quick. You've been on the stage and you can write. Can't you do me one?"

"Yes," we replied. "We have a fine idea that is new. Have your hero and heroine two terribly plain and uninteresting people and let them fall in love and be transformed. Let the audience see them as they look to each other with the eyes of love."

"Fine!" remarked the man sarcastically. "Do you think you could ever get that across?"

And we subsided and were much ashamed of our idea until some time later, when we went to see "The Enchanted Cottage." Sir Arthur Wing Pinero has used that idea, and he wrote a delightful play; but we had not realized the full charm of our idea (we still claim it) until we saw it on the screen, with Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy as the young lovers.

Projection rooms are not attractive places wherein to view romantic cinema offerings, and when we had waited for a half hour with only a blank, lifeless "silver sheet" in front of us at the other end of the room, we decided that life wasn't worth living and that we didn't want to see "The Enchanted Cottage," anyway.

But after the preliminaries were flashed on the screen and Mr. Robertson had dashed into the play full tilt—in sixty seconds we forgot everything save the absorbing drama before us. John Robertson is a great director, and the way he played with that story, in presenting it in the finest medium there is in which to tell a story, filled us with admiration. He has an added suspense, too, and when Young Bashforth's family came to call on the "beautiful bride," we sat on the edge of our chair, holding our breath until the scrutiny of the short-sighted relatives was over. They saw only a plain, awkward girl with a broken nose and protruding teeth married to their unfortunate son, who is a twisted and sallow wreck of the war. After the parents leave them, doubt takes the place of illusion and they see themselves as they are to the world. But, with the morning, love flies in at the window and they awake to find "her" as fascinating and wraith-like as "he" is strong and handsome.

Richard Barthelmess is nothing short of marvelous as Oliver Bashford, the shell-shocked hero and May McAvoy never has done anything as good as Laura Pennington, the ugly little governness. It seems to take John Robertson's direction to present Miss McAvoy at her best, for her performance in "Sentimental Tommy" is still remembered.

"The Enchanted Cottage" was named "Honeymoon Cottage" by those who owned it, because since the Seventeenth Century it had been let to bridal couples. On the window panes in the little cozy corner, where Oliver and Laura sat in the uneasy embarrassment of their first evening together, were scratched the names of those lovers who had begun their wedded bliss in the cottage. There was "Philip and Dorothy, 1602," on one pane; "George and Doris, 1750," on another; and "Alfred and Isabelle, 1833," on another; and Laura and Oliver dreamed of the gallant lovers in wigs and satin breeches, and the blushing brides in hoopskirts and powdered curls, who had laughed and loved within those silent walls.

On the screen, of course, it is possible to show those lovers, and this is done with discretion. We're always afraid a director will lose his head when it comes to those romantic flashbacks. But Mr. Robertson—never!

We are such a glutton that we were not satisfied with the love transfiguration of just one couple. Or perhaps it is that we are generous and wanted everybody to participate in the joy of the enchantment. At any rate, we hoped the horrid sister, Ethel, would love the blind major and that he would love her and think

A close-up of the picturesque *Nita Naldi* and the ever-green *Matt Moore* in *"The Breaking Point."*

is Dick BARTHELMESS' Latest

she was sweet. The major's valet, who lost an arm in the war, we wanted to see restored to wholeness in the eyes of the plain little landlady, who might in turn be glorified in his eyes. But we realize that to have done that would be to do the very thing we are always deploring, viz.: movieizing stories.

The entire cast is good. Ida Waterman and Alfred Hickman are the father and mother. Hickman, only yesterday, played juveniles. Florence Short is the disagreeable sister, and Marion Coakley the faithless fiancee.

"The Enchanted Cottage" is one of the most enchanting pictures we ever saw.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE MORAL SINNER"

"Leah Kleschna" Poor On the Screen

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, and featuring Dorothy Dalton, James Rennie, Walter Percival and others. Paramount Picture.

Ethel Wales and her brood of hungry juveniles in *"Which Shall It Be?"*

A "thumping" good scene in *"The Moral Sinner," Dorothy Dalton's* latest.

"The Moral Sinner" is really "Leah Kleschna," though if the names of the characters had not been the same, we believe we might have failed to recognize this story of the underworld and some of its denizens with souls. Dorothy Dalton is vastly uninteresting as the bob-haired bandit, who found reform when she fell in love and decided that tilling the soil was better than pilfering the till. Yes, Leah becomes a lady farmer or something of the sort and James Rennie follows her out into the country and tells her that he loved her the first moment he looked into her eyes. The picture is hardly any more exciting than it sounds here as we have told it, and being laid in Paris, it has to bear comparison with "The Humming Bird" and "Shadows of Paris."

There is a Walter Percival, who plays the villain, and, as is often the case, the villain is the most interesting person in the plot. This personable Percival person is, we believe, a recruit from musical comedy, but he appeared advantageously in David Belasco's million dollar production of "The Merchant of Venice" recently. Never has he been in pictures before, we hear.

Mr. Rennie is handsome, but not convincing as the criminologist, and Alphonz Ethier, another one who is new to us, is good as Anton Kleschna, "the master mind."

None of the blame should be borne by the actors, however, but it should be shouldered by Ralph Ince, the director, and J. Clarkson Miller, who adapted the play for the films.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"WHICH SHALL IT BE?"

Evidently It Is—Poor

Presented at the Cameo Theatre, New York, with Ethel Wales, David Torrence and Willis Marks. Released by W. W. Hodkinson Corp.

And while in this frame of mind, it will be as well to write a review of "Which Shall It Be?" and get it over with. When we left the Cameo Theatre, after sitting through five reels of this "cinema novelty," we felt that the whole world was against us, for we hate being bored, above everything. But, viewed in retrospection and in the light of our newfound charity, we find that, instead of saying, "What an awful picture that was!" we are saying, "Poor man! He did the best he could."

On second thought, we shall not review "Which Shall It Be?" while in this tolerant frame of mind. We should probably bestow on it only the faint praise that damns, (*Continued on page 30*)

A Society Girl

Born with a silver spoon in her mouth, Natalie Vandeveer, heiress to millions, seeks fame upon the silver sheet

Read what happened to her when she *came into contact with the men of the world of films.*

Told by Herself

IT was not thoughts of the Oriental Ball that kindled a fire of anticipation burning eagerly in my veins as I sat before the dressing table's triple mirror, waiting for Marie, my maid, to finish curling my hair, which some people described as Titian. The time had long ago passed when I could be thrilled over going to parties where the guest lists read like an abridged edition of the Social Register. Such affairs had been my daily diet ever since my debut in New York society three years before. My appetite for such things had become jaded . . . spent. They had failed utterly to provide me with the kind of nourishment I wanted to get from living.

The thing that made my pulses beat faster was a square little yellow card, half hidden from sight underneath a cut-glass jewel tray which held the diamond bracelet and bar pin I intended wearing to the ball that night. What was printed and written on that pasteboard slip was the magic which would open the gates to movieland for me in the morning! It was a card from the agency that had secured an extra's job for me at ten dollars per day.

"Mam'selle did not have her full right name on the card! Oh, pardon, but what a terrible meestake," Marie was saying.

"But it was not a mistake, Marie. I gave a false last name intentionally," I insisted.

The slim French girl, who for two years had taken as much interest in my appearance, my affairs, and everything about me, as I myself did, shook her dark, bobbed head uncomprehendingly, and gave me a scolding sort of look before speaking again.

"You would be a Mary Peekford tomorrow . . . or the next day, if you give your right name. Ah, Mon Dieu! How easy it would be for Mam'selle Natalie Vanderveer to get anything . . . everything she wants, if she tell them. But Natalie Judson! Pardon, Mam'selle, it is a pretty name, but it is not of a power like your real one," she told me.

"That is just why I have called myself Natalie Judson. I am sick of having everything given to me because of my name and my family. I want to work for what I get from now on. I want the fun of fighting . . . struggling. I'm not happy receiving everything I wish for without any effort——"

"Mam'selle Natalie!" interrupted Marie, "you say that because you do not know about the struggle . . . the fighting. I know. It is different after you find out. You soon weesh again for things to come easy. I weesh that all the time.. I weesh I am like you . . . money . . . fine times . . . lots of men crazy to take you places . . . to marry you——"

"You will be a movie queen, just like that!" *Marie* declared, snapping her fingers.

IT was my time to do some interrupting. Poor Marie! She wanted to live the kind of life I was sick of, after finding how empty and vain it could be day in and out. And I wanted to live the kind of existence that she looked upon as something to be escaped. I told her for the hundredth time that my life was only a gilded sort of thing, and I had come to the belief that a person must do something . . . must work towards an objective . . . if she expected to get any real happiness out of life.

"You do the same thing night after night for me, Marie," I went on. "You fix me up to go out to parties . . . always the same old thing, parties," I said.

"Yes, parties! But they are wondairful! I weesh for them. But I guess, Mam'selle, it is that way in life. Everybody weesh for something they haven't got," she philosophized, arranging my hair with her swift, clever hands.

OUR talking done for the moment, I studied the reflection I made in my mirrors. Without being vain, I must confess that it was a pleasing reflection, for, at twenty-three, I was still fresh-looking, for all of the crowded social hours I had put in since leaving school and traveling around the world with dad. My eyes, which a few of the super-flatterers among my men admirers insisted were violet, instead of being merely a deep blue, had not yet become shadowed by that tired sort of mist which you sometimes find in the eyes of the girl who becomes fatigued by the demands of society.

But there were hints of such a mist in mine, sometimes, and I was determined not to wait until too late to clear it away. It was my intention to name an objective point in life, and fight towards it. I realized it is the person who tries to forge ahead that owns the eyes which sparkle and dance with enthusiasm and energy. I had decided to go into movie work because the business of making moving pictures fascinated me, and I believed I had enough talent to do something worth-while on the screen.

As Marie said, I might have used my name to advantage in my first efforts to land film work. My dad's friends in Wall Street knew many big producers intimately, any of whom would have been glad to send me to their studios with a part assigned to me. That was the very reason why I had gone to the agency that supplied extras and players to companies and registered as Natalie Judson. I was sick of being handed things on a silver platter. I wanted to make my own way. I wanted to break away from the secure, smug and luxurious right-of-way over which I had always traveled.

"Remember, Marie," I said, getting up to step into my gold evening dress, now that my coiffure was finished, "this is all a secret between you and me. No one is to know that I am going to work at the studio in Yonkers tomorrow . . . or any other day. Dad might make a fuss. But he is not the reason for my secrecy. I could handle him. The thing is, I want the adventure of the thing. I want to take my chances in the world beyond

in the Movies

this well-heated, well-fed and well-guarded old brownstone castle."

Marie's discreetness and her faithfulness to me were two things not to be questioned, so I knew that my movie secret was safe with her.

"This gold dress is a dream on Mam'selle," she said, fastening the last button and walking away a few feet to look me over, "it make you gorgeous. It was made for your slenderness . . . your height. Mon Dieu! You will be a movie queen, just like that!" Marie declared, snapping her fingers.

I SMILED. Why deny that her words pleased me? That would be so foolish, for Marie's praises were not flattery . . . they were sincere compliments that sprang from her enthusiasm for me.

"When you say things like that, Marie, I am always sure that my party is going to be a success, as far as parties can be. Your opinion is like a heady cocktail before dinner. It is appetizing, especially when you rave so grandly about me," I said, slipping on my glittering bracelet.

"Mam'selle is not joking about the time I am to wake her in the morning?" she asked, as I was about to go downstairs and join dad at dinner.

"No, no. You must call me at seven. I have to be in the studio and ready to work by nine," I replied.

"What a world! What a world! As if I would ever get up at seven to be a movie extra, if—if I were Mam'selle!" she cried, shaking her head from side to side.

"What would you do, Marie, if you were me?" I asked.

"Ah! I would buy a studio for myself. I—I would start the work after lunch, not before breakfast," she came back.

Marie was better than a cocktail. She was a tonic. She gave me more good laughs than all of the comedies I saw in the Broadway theatres.

"Well, remember I want breakfast. Orange juice, one slice of toast and some marmalade," I told her, opening the door.

"Yes, Mam'selle," she answered.

I was on the verge of stepping across the threshold, when Marie began speaking again:

"This ball tonight. It will last late . . . very late, and Mam'selle gets up at seven. Non, non! It is not good for Mam'selle's health if she does this kind of business much."

In a few words I told her that the Oriental Ball was going to be my last appearance in society for some time to come. Her eyes popped wide open at this news, and she tried to tell me that I was only joking. But when I finished talking, Marie realized that I meant every word about my being bored with parties, and that I intended to go through with my moving picture plans if the whole world fell down about my ears.

TWICE, on my way down to the Hotel Astor, where the Oriental Ball was being staged, my escort, a young Englishman, who some day expected to be Lord Somebody, accused me of being in a dream. Twice I had made some remarks which indicated that my mind was many miles away from the subjects we were discussing at the time.

"I say, Natalie, is it a love affair at last? I've always said that the jolly fever would get you one of these days. A topping idea—this love business—but say, old dear, I am rather opposed to your falling in love with anyone, except myself, of course," rattled on Reggie, in his incorrigible English way of producing lots of talk over nothing. I had often kidded him about his "broadcasting" powers, but Reggie didn't get the humor of such statements, so I had allowed myself to grow used to his babble.

His mention of love started me thinking along lines of romance. As we sped down Fifth Avenue, the bright lights stringing out like pearly ribbons on each side of the car, it came to me that underneath all of my desire to do something in the way of interesting and worthwhile work, there was a hope that perhaps in the adventure before me I might find love. Money and society had not given me any artificial feelings. These things had not stolen any of my dreams away. They had not turned me into a fashion-plate . . . heartless and stripped of longing for the spring of life.

On the contrary, they had made me realize all the more keenly that human love is to be sought after, and that romance is something to be sincerely desired and kept fresh and fragrant throughout life. Something seemed to tell me, as these thoughts passed through my mind, that when love came my way I would not run from it . . . I would not crush its flower in hands calloused to the thrill of sentiment. Something told me that its coming would fill my heart with a glad song, and that I would never turn back once I started up its long, winding highway.

"I wish I were in love," I told him.

. . . .

The Oriental Ball turned out to be just another affair at which several scores of women vied with each other in wearing expensive, daring, and, of course, beautiful gowns. Also it was very success-

(*Continued on page 26*)

"Movie struck, eh?" he asked. "Well, you have lots of company in that feeling."

The White Sin

Alone in the world and a wife in name only, *Hattie Lou* faces a hard uphill fight for life itself. Until . . . but read this gripping fictionization of the *Palmer* photoplay by *Harold Shumate*, as released by the *Film Booking Office*

By Charles Warnerby

LIFE for Hattie Lou, in the years following her flight from the *Narka* and the man who had tricked her into a false marriage, proved to be far from a bed of roses. She had turned instinctively away from Farm Center, for she knew her querulous old Aunt Cynthia would shut the door in her face did she but show herself back there again. No, it was to be an entirely new life, Hattie Lou concluded, in which nothing save a rankling memory remained to bring back the past.

The ensuing year was one filled with bitter heartache for Hattie Lou. The little stranger who had come into her life with the passing months made her task doubly difficult in that she had now to care for two instead of one. In spite of the difficulties, however, Hattie Lou found a secret and sad satisfaction in bearing the cross that had been given her. The tiny mite of life, though a burden in one sense, was a joy in all others, and she finally had come to regard the child as a blessing in disguise, for it saved her during many a dark and defeated hour from taking the last irrevocable step.

Work had not been difficult for her to find at first, but after the baby came, Hattie Lou found that she was not as welcome as formerly she had been. Untrained in any sort of office work, the girl had been compelled to accept positions as nursemaid and, for a little while, companion to a rich woman.

But, in each instance, the work had finally come to an unexpected end and Hattie Lou, more through the quirks of chance than anything else, had failed to find a permanent home and had been compelled to seek for something else. After the newcomer had been ushered into her life, Hattie Lou found her task in obtaining work increasingly difficult, so as to render her periods of employment few and far apart and rapidly diminish her slender but vital and precious hoard of savings.

The two years that bridged the interval between the present and her departure from the yacht *Narka* on the eve of its South Sea voyage and her marriage with Preston Van Gore, had passed for Hattie Lou as in a dream. The hateful memory of the man she loathed was now a crumbling ash on the hearth of her memory. His sudden offer of marriage on the yacht, while the party was ashore attending a dance, the yacht's voyage to sea and the marriage ceremony that was performed by the Captain, were all part of the memory that faded with the passing of months to a distant picture, a vague perspective.

One thing only about the entire matter was Hattie Lou in ignorance of, and that was the thing which Preston Van Gore now knew and which his sister, Grace, likewise knew: the fact, as established by the Captain, that the marriage performed by him while the *Narka* was on the high seas, was in all ways legal and binding. Hattie Lou was the lawful wife of the man who had wronged her.

She had communicated in no way with Farm Center or the inhabitants thereof since her abrupt departure. Occasionally she would steal into a big public library, where a file was kept, she had learned, of the Farm Center newspaper. And regularly, through its pages, filled with items of local news, would pore Hattie Lou, keen to learn something of its people and of the well-being or otherwise of her Aunt Cynthia.

"Poor Aunt Cynthia!" Hattie Lou used often to murmur. "I wonder if she ever misses me."

Following her release from her last place, owing to the family's departure for Europe, Hattie Lou searched in vain for another position. Her slender store of savings dwindled rapidly under the constant drain of room rent and food for herself and the baby, so that as the second year wore to its close, Hattie Lou found herself in really desperate circumstances.

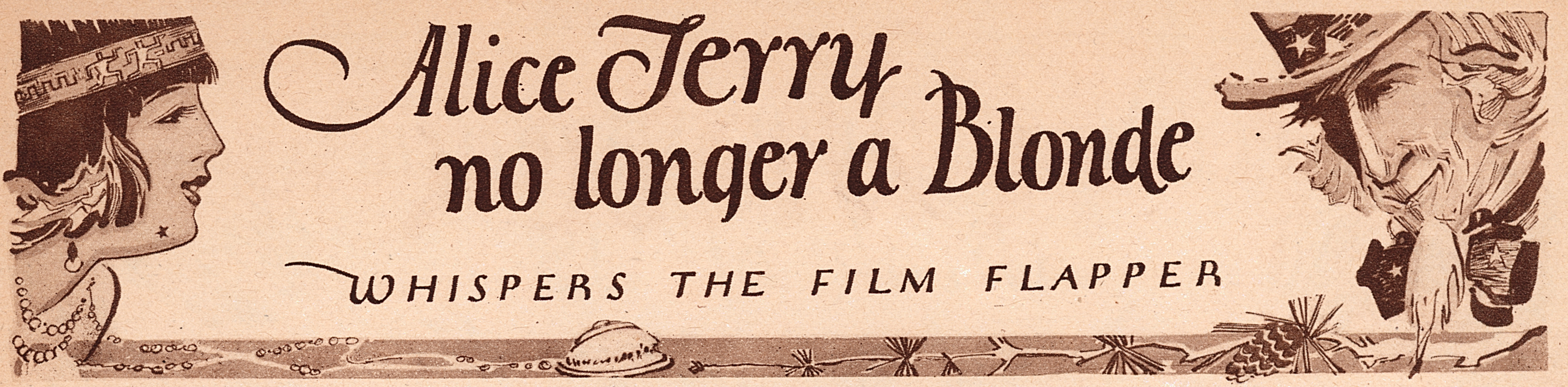
It was then, on a bright morning in June, that Hattie Lou read of the wreck of the *Narka*. All the New York papers carried the story, which reported in detail the loss of the beautiful yacht with all on board. Enumerated among the passenger list were Preston and Grace Van Gore, son and daughter, respectively, of the wealthy Van Gore family.

"I should like to see *Mrs. Van Gore*," she said quietly. "You may tell her that an old acquaintance has called."

HATTIE LOU read of the tragedy calmly. It was the one link that bound her to the past. The man who had wronged her was now dead, along with his charming and beautiful sister. It was retribution, thought Hattie Lou, yet she grieved secretly over the death of Grace Van Gore. Grace, she remembered, had been kind to her. She was sorry Grace had perished, too.

That very day, in turning the matter over in her mind, there suddenly occurred to Hattie Lou an idea of bettering her fortunes. Quite desperate now over the plight of her shrunken purse, she had wondered suddenly why she could not return to Farm Center and present herself before the Van Gore mansion as the lawful wife of Preston, the younger son. She could not lose by the deception, she told herself; she could only gain. And was she not justified, she asked herself, in profiting, however she might, by the rich family of the man who had wronged her?

Hence, a week later, Hattie Lou alighted from a train in Farm Center and went quietly, by way of a back street, to the Van Gore residence on the outskirts of the town. Hattie Lou remembered how differently she had walked up the long driveway on that morning (*Continued on page 31*)



Alice Terry no longer a Blonde

WHISPERS THE FILM FLAPPER

There's quite a surprise in store for those fans who go to see Rex Ingram's new picture, "The Arab," which he recently made abroad. Alice Terry is featured in it, as usual—along with Ramon Novarro—but you'll never believe it's she when you see her. She is no longer a blonde!

Of course Alice never was a blonde, really; it was just a light wig she wore which harmonized with her fair skin and violet eyes. She became known to the fans as a blonde, so she refused to part with her wig.

When, however, they went to "shoot" "The Arab," her husband, Rex Ingram, pointed out that her own bobbed hair was just the thing. Alice argued. She declared that as a missionary's daughter, the role she played in the picture, auburn hair might be all right, but certainly not bobbed hair.

The discussion was finally settled when they arrived in Tunis, where part of the picture was taken, and met a missionary who, if you please, wore her hair in the latest style of bob!

So that is why Alice will appear in her new picture with her own lovely locks unconcealed—and most of those who know her declare she is much lovelier without the wig.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Julanne Johnson Plays Another Leading Role

Julanne Johnson looks as if her career were just going to boom along now without any interruptions. Of course her chance as Doug's leading woman in "The Thief of Bagdad" definitely put her on the map in film circles. She is now going to play opposite Reginald Denny in a Universal picture, "The Missourian," taken from the novel by Eugene Lyle.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jackie Coogan to Lead a Modern "Children's Crusade"

Jackie Coogan is to take time out for ten weeks this summer to lead a modern "Children's Crusade" throughout the United States, in appeal to the children of the country to help their little foreign brothers and sisters of the Near East. He is going to do his share toward raising a million dollar load of foodstuffs for the Near East orphans.

Then he will sail to take the gifts in person to the orphans in Greece, Syria and Palestine.

Jackie's father expressed his pleasure at having Jackie undertake the work, for two reasons.

"I feel," he said, "that the Near East Relief is doing a wonderful service to the world and to child welfare, and I am proud to have my son do his bit. A more selfish reason is that I want Jack to see and realize the suffering and hardships other children of his age have to endure. I think that seeing the thousands of destitute, fatherless children will bring home to him the duty of humanity to help those less fortunate than ourselves."

Jackie will start his tour as soon as he completes his next picture.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Jackie's New Picture

And speaking of Jackie, he and his company have gone to San Francisco, where they are taking the opening and closing scenes of "Little Robinson Crusoe," Jackie's new picture.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

May McAvoy to Play in Stage "Merton"

May McAvoy is to have her wish and go on the stage, if nothing happens to the plans of herself and Glenn Hunter. Hunter is in Hollywood, about to start work on "Merton of the Movies,"

A slim princess is *Miss Julanne Johnson* as an Oriental maid in *Doug Fairbank's "Thief of Bagdad."* She is now to play opposite *Reginald Denny.*

MELBOURNE SPURR

and he will probably put on the stage version in Los Angeles, working back to New York with the play on tour.

"I mean to kidnap Miss McAvoy, and carry her off as my leading woman," announced Hunter, the other day.

Which revives all the rumors that May and Glenn are engaged to wed, though both have denied it.

Alice Lake Marries

Alice Lake is wed. She was married to Robert Williams, a New York actor, in Hollywood, at the home of Viola Dana, on March 22nd.

The actress nursed her husband, while he was still her fiance, through a desperate spell of illness. The pair have gone to New York on their honeymoon.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

News From Baby Bill Hart

Little Bill Hart is a chip off the old block for physical courage. His little arm was badly burned one day recently, when he stubbed his toe and fell against a gas heater.

"But he never uttered a cry," said his mamma, Winifred Westover Hart.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

More of the "Follies" in the Movies

Brooke Johns and Ann Pennington of the Ziegfeld Follies were called on one afternoon not long ago to brighten up a scene in Gloria Swanson's latest picture, "Manhandled." Brooke says, "It's my first appearance before the camera, and I'm positive that my banjo playing registers much better in the silent drama than on the stage."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

More News of the Stork in Hollywood

Never before in its history, have so many Hollywood homes of the picture stars been on the stork's visiting list. Of course, as everyone knows, the households of Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis, Wallace MacDonald-Doris May, Lila Lee-James Kirkwood, Leatrice Joy-Jack Gilbert, Barbara Bedford-Albert Roscoe, are all on the stork's waiting list. And besides all these couples, there are Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Malley.

It just seems as if the long-legged bird were being kept pretty busy these days.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Anita Stewart Denies She Is Married Again

Anita Stewart just wishes to tell whoever started that rumor about her marrying a man from Montgomery, Ala., that it's all wrong. The report came originally from Cocoa, Florida, and Anita's theory is that some other woman is trying to get herself into the limelight at the screen star's expense.

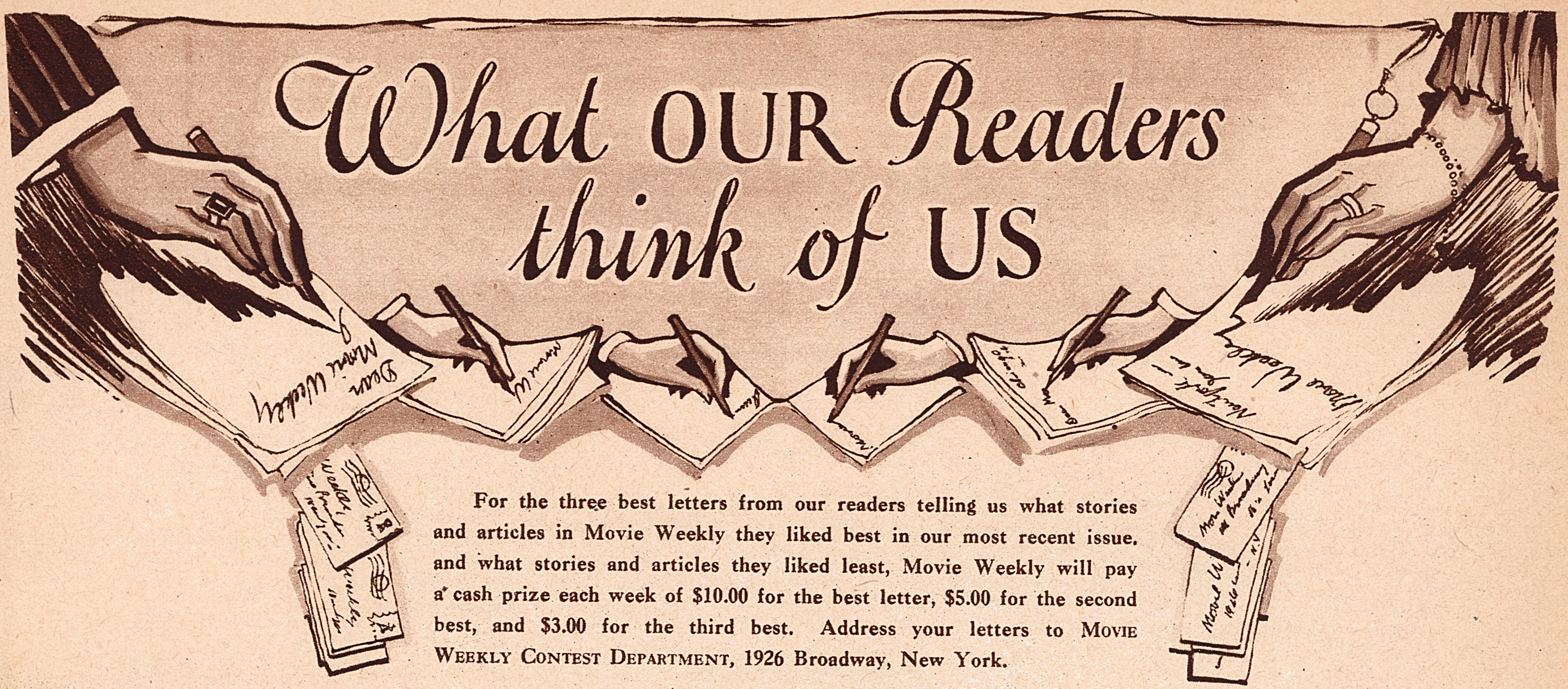
Anyway, Anita is still Mrs. Rudolph Cameron.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Eileen Sedgwick Injured

Poor Eileen Sedgwick. She was recently one of the victims of an automobile accident in which her car collided with that of Jay Marchant on the Mountain Road in Los Angeles. They were both in the Universal company making "The Fighting Ranger."

Both of them were seriously injured, Miss Sedgwick internally, while Director Marchant received a broken knee-cap.



What OUR Readers think of US

For the three best letters from our readers telling us what stories and articles in Movie Weekly they liked best in our most recent issue, and what stories and articles they liked least, Movie Weekly will pay a cash prize each week of $10.00 for the best letter, $5.00 for the second best, and $3.00 for the third best. Address your letters to MOVIE WEEKLY CONTEST DEPARTMENT, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $10.00 Prize Letter

I would like to discuss Movie Weekly from a man's standpoint—and right here let me congratulate you on your ability to get over with the men, for most screen magazines seem almost entirely for "ladies only."

In your issue of March 29th, I find articles on the three most important personages in the film world—Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks—and the write-ups are "different," a difficult feat considering the number of times each has been interviewed. That portion of your magazine, together with the article on Betty Compson's approaching marriage to Jimmie Cruze, was worth the money alone. In addition, I find a most original write-up on Dick Barthelmess, and still another on that sterling character actor, Ernest Torrence.

Valentino's story seems very poorly written and extremely boring. The "confession" and "true" story stuff is a total waste of time—seemingly out of place among the really good articles.

In conclusion, let me suggest that you confine your pages to definite personalities of the screen—what they are doing—their start in the game—their ambitions, etc. Give the Film Flapper two pages instead of one—modify the confession stuff. Give us more articles on the technical side of the game, such as "How the 'Thief of Bagdad' Was Made"—more articles on the embryonic stars, also more pictures, both of the stars and their homes.

P. S.—I know beauty contests are taboo, but it strikes me that a bunch of money could be made if beauty contests were held in, say, all cities of 10,000 or more population east of the Mississippi and the winners brought to New York and filmed in a picture along the lines of Jimmie Cruze's "Hollywood"—the picture to be shown in the cities which contributed to the cast. It wouldn't cost such a lot of money and if the contest end was handled by a good publicity man, the finished film should find a ready sale.

HARRY N. BLOIS.

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Movie news and Movie Weekly are synonymous. There is only one thing to be said against this magazine, and much to be said for it, so I will say the former first.

It is truly the most fascinating publication of moviedom, except for the half dozen pages wasted weekly on the silly continued stories. That is the one and only fault. Why doesn't Movie Weekly originate a plan of editing a magazine of nothing but movie news? It is information given in "The Reel Dope," "Chit Chat" and "Whispers" that fans desire, but it is too limited. Instead of wasting valuable pages on such hokum as "The Trail I Struck to Hollywood," enlarge these other pleasing articles, giving strictly movie news. Or else print some informal pictures from around the studios, or the story form of some good picture. If "Secrets," "Beau Brummel," or the like, were run in the magazine in place of these wild stories, how fine it would be!

The greatest asset Movie Weekly has is its unfailing sincerity. I do not like to read only destructive things about the movie people, and it is in Movie Weekly that I can always be sure of a fair treatment of all arguments. It never gives cruel publicity nor prints catty and sarcastic things against the film folks.

A splendid plan is the one of letting different stars publish the magazine occasionally. I all but devoured the one some time ago by Bebe Daniels, and Constance Talmadge's clever issue of January 26th was a real treat.

Just a word of praise to the movie people. The continual publicity every time they move a finger backwards makes some cynics think they are immoral. Maybe so, but any film person who happens to read this, just remember, even though your efforts are cruelly criticised, there are millions of fans big enough to read it with broad minds and think only of the pleasure and entertainment you give them, for which they love you—and I am one of them.

If all movie publications followed Movie Weekly's open-minded attitude, there would be less unjust scandal. Movie Weekly is fair play from the word go.

KATE F. WAINSLEY.

***Mae Busch* wins a bet! For a whole day she successfully impersonated a boy at the *Goldwyn* studio. And *Helene Chadwick* thereby lost a bet—a new sable coat.**

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇

This Week's $3.00 Prize Letter

I do indeed enjoy reading "My Trip Abroad" by Rudolph Valentino. Valentino has added to his laurels by his talent as a writer, and Movie Weekly is exceedingly fortunate to be able to publish his articles.

In your last issue, March 29th, I especially enjoyed May McAvoy's interview and the story about Richard Barthelmess.

It is always interesting to a fan to know of life behind the screen, and the producing of pictures. Any detail is ravenously devoured by the ever-hungry fans. Women especially are greatly concerned about clothes and make-up; Miss McAvoy's article not only gives us these things, but there is, as I have often noticed about Movie Weekly interviews, a delightfully personal touch.

The same is noticeably true of the story on Mr. Barthelmess. Just a touch of an understanding hand here and there does it. Your interviewers, all of them, are to be complimented.

I also liked the articles on "The Thief of Bagdad" production, and the Torrence's home life; the first for reasons mentioned, and the second for the tactful way in which such a subject is introduced.

I heartily agree with a goodly number of your correspondents that Movie Weekly would be vastly improved by the omission of "confession" stories. Their space could be utilized for interviews of the same high standard you now uphold.

Your special departments, Film Flapper, Colonel and Current Reviews, are excellent. I enjoy them greatly and always feel that there is "something ahead" until I have finished them—then I wait for the next Thursday to come around.

The magazine never fails to be of interest to the reader, and although there are faults, they can easily be remedied by a sufficient lapse of time.

ELEANORE BARNES.

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Gloria Swanson, who plays the role of a shop girl in her newest picture, "Manhandled," worked almost a day in a department store recently to get a line on how shop girls think and act.

"Almost" a day is quite right, because that's how long it took her to be discovered in her blonde wig and dark glasses she wore for a disguise. Somehow, someone recognized her—and when they did!—well, there was no further work in that part of the establishment—the notion counter—and the management had to rescue her from the crowds. She was, as some-one pointed out, playing the title role in her picture.

After her day at the store, Gloria did several other things foreign to her daily scheme of things. She ate several meals in a Bronx boarding house and she rode in the subway in the height of the rush hour.

So now she feels perfectly certain she knows what it's like to be "Manhandled."

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

The members of the "Monsieur Beaucaire" company are learning some new tricks about royal table manners—in the time of Louis XV. Rudolph Valentino, Bebe Daniels, Lowell Sherman, Paulette Duval, and some of the other players discovered that the supper scene had plenty of things "wrong with the picture"—according to our present day etiquette books.

Your fingers were your guide in those days of no knives and forks. When a lady reached for food on a plate, a butler stood behind her with a finger bowl and a towel, which were passed after each course.

Four or five soups were served at all court dinners, but the king's taster chose the kind—and everyone present had to eat just what the king ate. And they all had to drink whenever the king did, which made things awkward for those who couldn't carry their wine so well.

Lowell Sherman, who plays the king in the picture, declares that never in his life has he had so much control over a dinner party.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

They made quite a fuss over Barbara La Marr when she left Los Angeles to come to New York for a stay of several months. The Club Petroushka, one of the fashionable supper clubs of the California city, arranged a special "La Marr Farewell Night."

A special doll was made for the occasion, which Miss La Marr gave one of the guests as a present. This doll represented in face, form and costume, the former Czarina of Russia, and was, of course, quite in keeping with the Russian atmosphere of the club.

Many screen notables were present at the farewell party, including Conway Tearle, Lew Cody, Ben Lyon, Phyllis Haver, Charles De Roche and Helen Lynch.

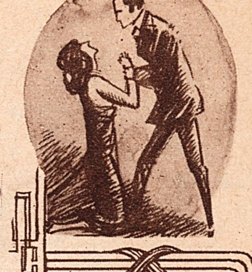
◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Speaking of Barbara, her latest screen effort is a big Maurice Tourneur production, "The White Moth," in which Barbara flits about in true moth fashion. It would almost seem, at first thought, to be an animal picture, as it called for stuffed bears, horses, monkeys, lions and goats, as well as a camel. All this was for a masquerade ball scene. All the animals were easy enough to get—except the camel. When the roll of animals was called, the camel was found missing, so a property man was sent to get it.

In half an hour he returned, rolling a stuffed camel in on its castors.

"I had to walk a mile," he announced, "but I got the camel."

The Reel Dope



Jackie Coogan may be small, but he has a large capacity for work. When Ouida's story, "The Dog of Flanders," is completed, Jackie plans to go abroad as chief of a children's crusade to the Holy Land. Near East officials have chosen the lad for this errand of mercy and the pictures will lose him for three months.

◈ ◈ ◈

If you have nerves, prepare to shed them now. Gaston Leroux, runner-up to Sax Rohmer for mystery story honors, will soon produce "The Phantom of the Opera" for Universal, and they promise an all-star cast. "Weird" advise you not to miss this.

◈ ◈ ◈

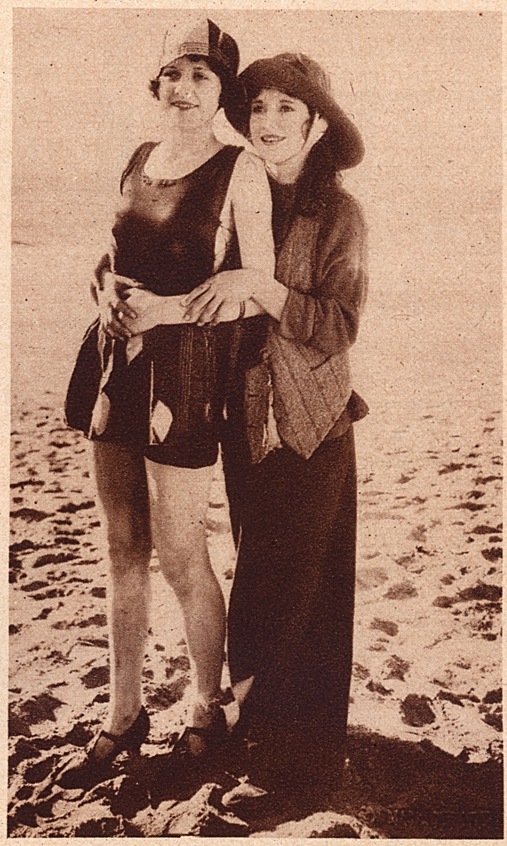
Is there a Santa Claus? There is, and it is none other than Anna Valeska, a very wicked screen vampire. Miss Valeska has done charity work for years and was the president of the Santa Claus Association.

◈ ◈ ◈

After a visit to Plattsburg, Marion Davies rejoins us with the rank of Colonel. Several scenes in her new picture, "Janice Meredith," were shot in Plattsburg, and the wives of the officers had a gorgeous time—some of them.

◈ ◈ ◈

The stamp of approval has been put upon two forthcoming Universal pictures by the author, Mr. Gerald Beaumont. They are "The Empty Stall" and "The Fiddlin' Doll." Both are racing stories and have appeared in Red Book Magazine.



Two *Days* at Santa Monica Beach, California—*Alice* and *Marceline Day*, two sisters who grace *Mack Sennett* comedies.

◈ ◈ ◈

Orvill Caldwell has been chosen to play in the Fox picture, "Crossed Wires." He is at present in "The Miracle," playing on the Century stage in New York.

◈ ◈ ◈

That adorable infant, Baby Peggy, is about to submit her latest, "Helen's Babies." We could just eat that child, she's so cute.

◈ ◈ ◈

Tod Browning, famed joker and director of "Dollar Down," tells this one. All set?

"I've come to fix the old tub in the kitchen."

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, "here's the doctor to see the cook."

Tod is working now for Co-Artists—between gags.

◈ ◈ ◈

Most of the time they're just as good as gold in the Louis B. Mayer Studio, and work hard, but during a scene in "Why Men Leave Home," Miss Bennett, as stenographer to Lewis Stone, wrote on a supposed business letter: "Yes, we have no bananas!" and Lewis ruined a scene by laughing.

◈ ◈ ◈

Cullen Landis recently transferred his headquarters — temporarily — from Los Angeles to New York, where he will start working on a picture under the supervision of William Nigh.

◈ ◈ ◈

Doug MacLean has yet two pictures to complete for Associated Exhibitors, and then he will probably consider a whopping offer that has been made him by an English producer.

◈ ◈ ◈

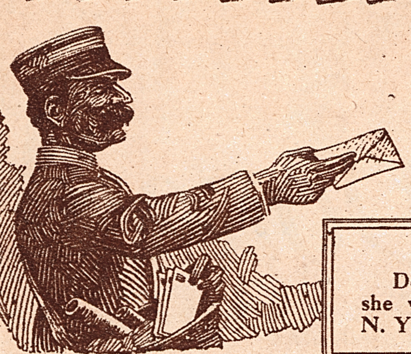
Those of us that didn't have time to read Well's "Outline of History" are going to have the privilege of learning its contents from its presentation in the movies. Mr. Bray is on his way to England to confer with Mr. Wells, and the scenes will be taken on both sides of the ocean.

◈ ◈ ◈

A firm of Germans offered Hope Hampton 25,000 good dollars for six weeks' work as a star in one of their productions. We didn't think there was that much money in Germany.

◈ ◈ ◈

Mme. Ganna Walska, well-known concert diva, has been heard to say that we will see her in the film version of "The Minstrel Boy," by Thomas Egan, tenor, before very long. That ought to be O. K. with almost everyone if the lady has something else besides a good voice.



"Bud" Has a Crush On Robert Agnew

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

BUD—So you have a crush on Robert Agnew? He lives at 6357 La Mirada, Hollywood. No, if you were to visit a studio they would not show you through; they would show you out—provided you ever miraculously got in.

TOINETTE—So you think I will get my reward in Heaven for all these answers? Well, if it's all the same to you I'll take it in my pay envelope—that's a lot quicker. Ralph Lewis is in his forties; he lives at 8221 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. Robert Ellis lives at Garden Court Apts., Los Angeles, and Helen Jerome Eddy at 1911 Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles. Irene Castle hasn't been on the screen in some time; I've no idea where you could reach her.

MAMA'S BLUE-EYED BABY BOY—Would I send you a picture of Thomas Meighan? What are you trying to let me in for? If Movie Weekly started sending out stars' pictures, we'd have to give up trying to get out a magazine. Tommy was born in Pittsburgh. Ramon Novarro's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

ALMIRA ADAMS—It may not look nice, as you suggest, to write a letter in your study hour, but anyhow, it looks better than playing with your bean shooter or smearing ink on your neighbor's back. Rudy speaks English, French, Italian and Spanish. He has a secretary to answer his enormous fan mail. His next picture, after "Monsieur Beaucaire," has not yet been announced. His wife is Richard Hudnut's stepdaughter.

CURLY—Tough luck, Curly, there are no studios in Philadelphia. Florence Nash played the feminine lead in "Merton of the Movies" on the stage. It hasn't been picturized yet. John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte are both married; they recently married each other. They both just finished "Superstition."

THE TEXAS KID—Well, I hope you're not kidding me. Buster Keaton is married to Natalie Talmadge, Norma's sister. Buster never laughs on the screen because that is part of his comic behavior, like Chaplin's big shoes and Harold Lloyd's glasses. Write Harold Lloyd at 502 Irving Blvd., Los Angeles. Tom Mix, Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

HELEN KELLY—If you get an answer to your questions, you'll be satisfied! To think that a few answers could make anyone satisfied! Irene Rich is about five feet six; she is in her early thirties. Jack Mower is thirty-four; he is six feet tall. His latest picture is "Pure Grit," for Universal.

MARY D.—William Boyd lives at 6094 Salem Place, Hollywood. Write Walter McGrail at the Fox Studio—see TEXAS KID—and Ben Lyon at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. I imagine any of these players would send their pictures free.

A WEEKLY READER—I am glad you spelled that "week," rather than "weak." Rudolph Valentino lives at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. He was born in Castellaneta, Italy. Ramon Novarro is Mexican and Ivor Novello English. Neither of them is married. George Walsh is divorced from Seena Owen. At present he is abroad for a year, making "Ben Hur." He is thirty-one.

A SPORT FROM S. O. E.—I notice you live in Sarnia, Canada. That's Marie Prevost's home town. Clara Horton is twenty; she lives at 4958 Marathon Ave., Los Angeles. Write Wanda Hawley at the Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Los Angeles.

ALFRED BANTING—Pauline Garon worked at the Long Island studio in "You Can't Fool Your Wife," last winter.

RUTH COHEN—So Mae Murray, Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan are "your three favorite actresses?" Why include Jackie? Write the first two at the Metro Studio, and Jackie at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX—So you're "coo-coo" over Irene Rich? Doubtless, if you tell your friends that, they'll say, "So that's what's the matter with you"—I don't know you well enough to make that answer. Irene is divorced. She was born in Buffalo about thirty years ago. Corinne Griffith was born in Texas in 1898. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn.

Baby Peggy **sings a "mouthful."**

PINK CHEEKS—The reason for the sad ending in "The Girl I Loved," was that it portrays the real life story of the poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Earle Williams has not been very active lately, but he recently played in "Jealous Husbands." Eugene O'Brien can be reached at the United Studios—see MARY.

FRANCES—Corinne Griffith seems to have quite a following. She recently married Walter Morosco, and they live in Los Angeles. Her next picture will be "For Sale." See above.

PUG NOSE—So you bet anything I don't answer your letter? All right, you lose. Now it's up to you to pay your bet. Give me anything. But you don't seem to have any questions to ask.

A UTOPIAN—Write to Marion Davies for her picture at the International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York. She is five feet four and a half inches tall.

J. A. J.—By the brunette who played opposite George O'Hara in "Fighting Blood," I suppose you mean Louise Lorraine. She is not married and neither is George.

TARA—You're going to have a regular art gallery by the time you finish sending for all those portraits, aren't you? Frank Mayo lives at 1708 Franklin Ave., Hollywood. He is thirty-eight. Reginald Denny's address is Universal City, Cal. See RUTH COHEN. Write Rudolph at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I.

MISS MC—Irene Rich was at one time married to an army captain named ich. She has two little girls, Jane and Frances. Yes, J. K. McDonald is a director; he is from Pittsburgh. There is another director named John McDonald; I don't know where he is from.

SMILER—I need a few smiles. Richard Dix is thirty and a bachelor. Norman Kerry is about thirty-five. He has been playing in "Shadow of the East." Russell Sedgwick played Young Perch in "If Winter Comes."

J. M. W. H.—Tom Mix's address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

FLIP—Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh about twenty-five years ago. She is not married.

CHOP SUEY SHEBA—What do I think of your name? Not much; I never like anything with chop suey in it. Clara Kimball Young has retired from the movies; she is in her forties. Mary Pickford was Mrs. Owen Moore before she married Doug. Eleanor Boardman is about twenty, and Katherine MacDonald in her late twenties. Ruth Roland is thirty-one. Mrs. Valentino designs sets and costumes for pictures.

LOWDOWN—I can tell by the questions you ask that you've been seeing "Black Oxen." Am I right? Other pictures Conway Tearle has been playing in lately are: "The Next Corner," "Lilies of the Field," with Corinne Griffith; and "The White Moth." Corinne is now working on "For Sale." She recently played also in "Six Days." Clara Bow played in "Maytime," "Poisoned Paradise" and "Helen's Babies."

O DA PENINSULA HISPANICA—Tony Moreno's address is Lasky Hollywood Studio. He is now working on "Tiger Love."

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

My Own Story Of My Trip Abroad

(Continued from page 13)

Leisure is need for Florence. To hurry through the city is to annihilate the impressions one should get.

On the morning of September fifth we left Florence early for the ride to Rome.

That is, we tried to get an early start. But it was raining, an anomolous and really an unkind thing for Florence to do to us. I felt it to be a sort of a punishment for our casual survey of her beauties. And what with the rain and the fact that we had to have the car oiled, greased, etcetera, it was eleven o'clock in the morning before we finally made off. Our admirable intention having been to start about seven-thirty or eight. Studio work, by the by, opinions of the leisure of the stars to the contrary, breaks one to early hours.

IT was raining like blazes, if there is such a thing. And in such a state we started off stopping for luncheon at one of those small villages right in the province where Chianti is made. It was one very fortuitous touch!

From there, warmed by the Chianti, we proceeded. I wanted to make Rome by afternoon, but I couldn't do it on that road. There were too many turns, and while I might have achieved the feat had I been alone Auntie and Natacha had me pretty well trained and amenable by this time. e

I facetiously observed that Rome was not reached in a day, and Natacha said that she very devoutly hoped NOT.

And so, about ten o'lock at night, we drove up to the very best hotel in a small village and then I set about finding a garage. One of the most difficult and intricate things to do, in a spot of the earth where the motor car steams through too seldom to make a garage one of the daily necessities.

I had a time of my own finding that garage! What I first found after a search which I thought must have taken in the entire dimensions of the place was an ancient stable and then discovered that the door was not wide enough for the car to enter. The dismal, odoriferous old place seemed to stand there in the stilly night holding its antique sides and mocking at my discomfiture. I, th ecar, the search itself, felt singularly cut of place in that spot. I felt that I was an intruder asking for a hospitality out of time and date.

Finally, after a long search, and after waking up three or four families (ten o'clock is the middle of the night there) we found a stable, a little larger than the others, and so we could put the car up.

Oh, yes, before putting up for the night, we went by Siena, and as we went by we saw an antique shop which somewhat attracted our attention, as antique things (and persons) always do. We stopped, went inside, and were lucky enough to find at this place and at a ridiculous price a marvellous period copy of Anne of Cleves by Holbein. There are only two originals extant and this is one of them. All the others were burned in the collection at Windsor Castle at the time of the fire there. Our copy is almost quite priceless. We were as gleeful as small children would be if, digging one day on some small insignificant beach, they should suddenly happen upon the treasure of Captain Kidd! I have often thought, in passing, how much mystery, thrill and fun would go out of the lives of American children if that fabulous treasure should ever, indeed, turn up to view. It is much like that, too, with Europe. How much fun will be gone when the Ages have given over all their treasure, when the bowels of the centuries have yielded up their secrets annd their holdings to the perpetually curious and delving pick-ax and science and research of modern man. What, then, shall become of our thrills? When there are no more uncharted seas to sail. When darkest India and blackest Africa have been staked out, mapped and railroaded? When even the air shall have nothing further to reveal and the depths of the sea shall have been plumbed? Then, no doubt, we shall literally as we have always metaphorically, hitch our scientific wagons to the stars and attempt the sasconnading of the Heavens.

Also, in this same shop, I saw a marvellous saddle tree of the thirteenth century, all hand-carved ivory with the coat of arms of the Scaligeri family. But they wanted too much money for that, and with much sorrow and much regret I decided that I couldn't buy it. I believe I shall regret my prudence rather than be pleased at it. But if I didn't get the saddle I did get the Holbein and also the very real thrill of delving about in this musty, rich little shop just as twilight was coming on, so that time didn't seem to press in that place of timeless things, and the fine old objects took on a dignity all the rarer for the dimness. An antique shop should be dim. One should see to it that one seeks for antiques at the twilight of the day. It belongs to them, and they belong to it.

OF course that shop in Siena lost us more time and I had to pay for the pleasure by seeking out the unknown quantity of a garage by the reluctant light of a moon all but unavailingly struggling with the rain.

The next morning, early, we left our rather ambiguous quarters, got the car and drove straight, and without mishap, to the Excelsior Hotel in Rome.

When we arrived there we just rested.

We were tired from the long journey, the hotel was comfortable and we reclined through most of the afternoon, having both luncheon and tea served in our rooms.

In the evening I had dinner at the hotel with Baron Fassini, who was very much interested in motion pictures years ago, before the ones who are interested in them now had made them what they are.

Baron Fassini was formerly President of the Unione Cinematografica, Italiana. With Baron Fassini was Count Cine, Secretary of the Unione.

We had dinner and talked about pictures, art, that sort of thing. Naturally, they were tremendously interested in how we do things in America, and asked innumerable questions about studio production, the scenario end of it all, the star system, the exhibitor, cameras, everything. They were also interested in my own career and once again I told the story of my beginning with its subsequent falls and rises. A great many falls, too!

We made a date to go the next day to see the "Quo Vadis" sets, and so, this morning, we went to Fassini's apartment in the Palazzo Titoni, where he has the first floor. Mussolini, by the way, lives on the second floor and they are great friends.

Fassini was too busy to go to see the sets with us, but Count Cine came for us and we drove over to the Villa Borghese where most of their big, open-air sets are made. Their studios are too small to contain the sets they need for big productions. They were shooting some scenes when we arrived and the sets were very lovely. I saw some of the big mob scenes made and really, it made my mouth water! I felt as they say an old time actor feels when, after a long period of inactivity, he gets the smell of grease-paint in his nostrils again. Or as a race horse feels when the smooth run of the track is once again under his restive feet. The click of the camera, the vernacular of the studio world, even though in a language I had never heard it in, made my blood tingle and my palms itch. I felt like turning right about face and rushing back to America shouting "I am ready! I am ready! Lets go!"

On my way back from the full survey Emil Jannings was there and we had some pictures taken with him and with Commendatore Ambrosio who owns the film company, and who produced "Cabiria," and later merged with the Unione.

We met Mrs Jannings, who speaks excellent English. Jannings does not speak English. Not one word of it. He was born in America, but was taken to Berlin when only six. His wife is English, and notwithstanding that he speaks German and I not one word of it, we got along famously.

Everything we wanted to say to one another we managed to say and be mutually and per-

"My! How That New Skin Food and Tonic Awakened My Skin!"

Here is a new kind of tonic and a skin food in one. It clears and whitens the skin, makes it delicate and velvety, prevents wrinkles, nourishes and closes the pores, in fact it makes your skin feel fresh, young and radiantly healthy.

Watch your mirror! See the tired lines disappear; watch the cheeks glow with new warmth and color; feel the tiny pores purged of the dirt and accumulations that stifle them.

Use this marvelous tonic cream only once and your complexion will awaken—beautifully, in Nature's way—the health way.

Generous Sample FREE

A generous sample of the most delicious skin cream you ever used, will be sent to you free. Write for sample today to the

Susanna Cocroft Labortories, Inc.,
Dept. 275 1991 Broadway New York City

Include 10c. *to cover the cost of handling and mailing.*

Play "JAZZ" on the Saxophone

Become a musician so quickly as to astound everyone. Learn by playing **real** music—instead of tiresome "exercises." You'll soon become the most popular person in your "set."

New Easy Method

is a revelation. Nothing else like it for thoroughness and rapidity. So simple that young and old find it easy to play with amazing skill. No "trick music"—but actual notes, learned quickly right in your own home.

LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRMENT	
Piano	Mandolin
Organ	Drums and Traps
Violin	Harmony and Composition
Banjo	Sight Singing
Clarinet	Ukulele
Flute	Piccolo
Harp	Trombone
Cornet	Saxophone
'Cello	
Guitar	
Automatic Finger Control	
Voice and Speech Culture	

FREE BOOK and Illustrated Folder

offers this wonderful musical opportunity. Send for them today before copies are exhausted. You'll be astounded, thrilled, fascinated, at this easy, rapid way to become a veritable master of your favorite instrument. Name below the instrument you are particularly interested in.

U.S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3065 Brunswick Building, NEW YORK CITY

Send me your amazing free book, "Music Lessons in Your Cwn Home." Also, Illustrated Folder. This does not put me under any obligation. **(Please Write Plainly.)**

NAME...

ADDRESS...

INSTRUMENT...

CUT ME OUT

I'm only a coupon, BUT if you will treat me right, I'll show you how, by becoming our representative for your locality, you can turn your spare time into money. Just sign below and mail—I'll do the rest.

Name...

Street and No...

City...........................State...........

Subscription Agents' Department
MOVIE WEEKLY
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you FREE

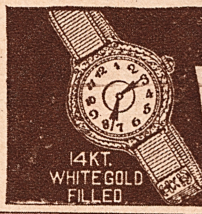
Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by ASTROLOGY, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, inclose twelve cents (coin preferred) and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print correct name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—TODAY—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. MK, New York



FREE

Send your name and address at once and we will tell you how to get this beautiful 14-karat gold filled wrist watch guaranteed 25 years

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Don't delay—write now.

CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. D, 621 Broadway
New York

HINDU CRYSTAL BALL

DO YOU KNOW
Will you have Luck, Wealth, Love, Happy Marriage? Hindu Crystal Ball answers ALL questions:
ANYONE can use it instantly. Questions, Answers and Instruction Book given FREE with each mysterious Crystal Ball game. Two sizes $2.00 or $3.00. Pay postman or send money.
CRYSTAL BALL CO.
949 B'wy N.Y.C. Dept. 150

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
228 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

Moles HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years success in my practice. Moles (also BIG growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars

Wm. Davis, M. D., 120, A Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N J.

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and scrawney and would like to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the genuine Hilton's Vitamines absolutely FREE. Do not send any money—just your name and address to

W. W. HILTON,
115 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Representatives Wanted

MOVIE WEEKLY wants representatives in every community to introduce this magazine to their friends and neighbors. A liberal commission paid.

Write for terms, sample copies and full information to Subscription Manager.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
1926 Broadway :: :: New York, N. Y.

fectly understood. Everyone was surprised at the fluent conversation and the interchange of ideas, theories, opinions and questions we were able to make. We were talking away, jabbering . . . I was trying to recall some German words and he was trying to recall some Italian ones. But they were of slight avail. What did get us by, was the fact that his mimicry helped him and my mimicry helped me. That was perfectly proper. We were both actors of the silent drama. Why shouldn't we understand one another? It was like and a little unlike two deaf-mutes carrying on a rapid fire talk. What difference would it make whether one was German and the other Italian, their tongue would, after all, be the sign-tongue and would be the same.

AFTER we had had the pictures taken we went all over the sets with Jannings. Then we went to the restaurant right on the Villa Borghese and had luncheon. The Commendatore Ambrosia, Mr. and Mrs. Jannings, the two directors who are directing "Quo Vadis," Signor Jacobi and Gabriele d'Annunzio, son of the famous romancer and poet. d'Annunzio, the father, by the way is in seclusion I was told. No one can go near him.

Among other things that took place during this conversation between Jannings and I was Jannings asking me if $2,000 a week, was a good price for a character actor in America. I said, "Between $2,000 and $2,500, they are fair figures and a good man ought to get about that."

"For God's sake, shut up!" begged Ambrosia, "don't tell Jannings that!"

But I replied that actors always stick together, it is a part of the ethics of this so ethical profession!

Jannings was very enthusiastic about America. He wanted to find out all about it, and I told him, among other things, how popular he is there. I told him how splendidly "Passion" had gone over, and also "Deception." He was as pleased as a child. He quite beamed with pleasure and delight and it was nice to see that delight so mirrored on the face of Mrs. Jannings, the tribute might well have been made direct to her

Then I asked him how he had visualized that splendid make-up for Henry the Eighth. He told me that he had got hold of the Holbein painting of Henry the Eighth, put it on his dressing table, and made up accordingly. He became, he said, as familiar with that famous painted figure as he might be with an intimate friend, whose every detail of costume, whose every shading of colour and line of expression was habitual and familiar to him.

I know that many people wonder, and ask, whether screen actors are the same off the screen as they are, or appear to be on the screen. I think it is like most questions, largely a matter of the individual. Some of us are the same off the screen as we seem to be on, and others are quite surprising. Jannings I would call surprising. Really quite surprising. Off the screen, he is entirely different from what I, personally, had imagined. Quite unassuming. Very good-natured. A man of about 42 or 43. Very big and husky. But looking at him without his makeup you would never realize that he is the splendid actor you have seen playing Louis Fifteenth, Henry Eighth and Peter the Great. He has none of that dash he has so admirably and unforgetably on the screen. His outstanding characteristic seemed to me to be his good nature and a great sense of humour.

I told him that in America they call him "King of Motion Pictures." He couldn't quite understand me, for the first time, and Mrs. Jannings explained it to him. He told his wife that what I was telling him was the greatest compliment he had ever received in his life and he made the most perfect "retort courteous" by having her tell me that he was immensely pleased to have received this compliment from the "King of Screen Lovers"!

Gallant, too, you see. I must write more about him tomorrow.

This intimate study of Valentino will continue to reveal the favorite in many new lights. The next issue of Movie Weekly will proceed with him in his journeyings.

A Society Girl in the Movies

(Continued from page 19)

ful from the now current point of view regarding successful entertainment these days. Nearly everyone present seemed to be breaking the Volstead Act in great shape.

Sensuous music kept the ballroom a spectacle of swaying bodies, moving color and brilliance until way past the wee small hours. I stayed until two o'clock, and then I secretly told the world I moved in farewell until a later date. Reggie proposed to me on the way home, for the tenth time in as many weeks. But his words only reminded me of the same kind of speeches three other men had made to me that night. The reason for this was because his words sounded as if he had cut and patterned them after a standardized modern version of "How to ask a girl to marry you."

THE very fact that he was not a whit visibly affected by my refusal to become the future Lady Somebody was proof enough of the insincerity of his proposition. But Reggie didn't mean any harm by his attitude in this matter. The truth was that he was about tired playing around as a young bachelor and thought it would be "topping good sport" to acquire a wife, and all that kind of thing . . . and, of course, give dinners, parties and so forth while waiting on that all important title.

Ordinarily I would have been quite ready to have Marie hurry through with the ritual of undressing me, and gone right off to sleep. But in the early hours following the Oriental Ball there was a tingling in my blood that kept me wide-awake, and made me not at all desirous of sleeping. A fever of excitement burned inside of me as I kicked off my brocaded slippers of gold, and stepped into a pair of satin mules. Of course it was all traceable to the adventure that lay just around the corner of another day's dawn, awaiting my coming to show what the lure of Life held in store for me.

Marie, sleepy-eyed from having dozed off over one of her eternal French magazines, tried to persuade me, as we both worked on the hook-and-eyes of my dress, that, perhaps, after all, it would be best for me to forget my movie work in the morning.

"But, Marie," I remonstrated, "I am to be paid ten dollars for the day! I cannot——"

"Ten dollars!" she repeated, her voice brimming with scorn. "Ten dollars! Mam'selle, you speak of ten dollars as if—as if——"

"Exactly. As if it were ten dollars," I said, trying with all my might to keep from bursting into a laugh.

"Non, non!" demurred the dark-eyed Parisian. "As if it were ten thousand francs!"

A SILENCE fell between us for some time as she tip-toed around the room, hanging up my garments and getting out the rather simple dress I was going to wear to the studio in the morning.

She would have let me go on to sleep without any more talk about the movie work if I had not made a remark about it.

"I hope you nevair regret this beezeness, Mam'selle Natalie," she told me. "Remember, you go in a different kind of place from here . . . from your life. You rub elbows with funny people. People from the subways, from the streets. You do not know them. You speak another language. You cannot hide yourself in them. You are too different. Mon Dieu! Your hands . . . your ankles . . . everything about you will tell them the truth," she cried, her own slender, shapely arms reaching out to me in a gesture of beseechment.

"Marie, stop. That is what makes me mad. I do not want to be looked upon as a hot-house plant. I am not. I can do as other people. You have seen me out of the city, in the country. You know I can swim, I can ride wild horses. I am as strong as you. Didn't we have a wrestling match once to prove that, didn't we, Marie?" I demanded.

"Of course, Mam'selle. But it is not the women you will have a hard time understanding. Women are women, no matter how rich or poor. It is the men. There may be a street-sweeper," she shrugged her young shoulders adorably, "or maybe a fishman or something like that. Suppose you have to talk to such people . . . such men! Oh, Mam'selle, it is heart-breaking!"

"If he were a handsome street-sweeper, or fishman, and I fell in love with him, Marie . . . well, who knows . . . I might marry him," I said.

"Stop!" she begged, throwing up her hands, "Mam'selle is a tease—a terror!"

After she had tucked me in bed, I lay awake a very long time, my mind drifting back and forth over the glamorous idea that in another few short hours I would be masquerading on the highway of Adventure . . . masquerading, and yet marching towards a goal that seemed mighty worth while. At last sleep came to still the throbbing anticipation which filled my being with a craving to drink from Life. And, in my sleep, there came dreams, at once thrilling, mystic and soul-searching.

THE early February day was still grey with the slow-moving mists of night when Frank, my chauffeur, handed me into the closed Rolls-Royce. A few moments later my car, which so often attracted the attention of Fifth Avenue on account of its unusual blue body, was speeding me through the strange noises of a vast city, waking from swiftly-snatched hours of rest.

It was my first experience of being a part of the rising town, and I could hardly accustom my eyes to the sight of almost deserted streets, and the funny-looking people who kept the pavements from being entirely empty. Dashing through the Park, we soon struck the Broadway trail to Yonkers, and with each revolution of our wheels I came closer to my new identity as Natalie Judson, and went farther away from Natalie Vanderveer.

In spite of the heating apparatus in my limousine, I felt cold, for it was an exceptionally snappy morning. I drew my mink fur coat around me more tightly and leaned back against the yielding cushions, trying, in my last few moments of the ride to get over the strange, nervous sort of excitement that was upon me.

About one block from the Metropolitan Studios, I ordered Frank to stop the car. He seemed very surprised, but did my bidding at once. I told him that he was to return to the same spot at five-thirty in the afternoon, and wait for me.

A feeling which I cannot quite describe, for it was one that mixed fear and wonder, came over me as I slipped off the costly fur and put on a cloth coat which was heavy and warm in spite of its cheapness. I guess I felt a good deal like a girl does when she runs away and gets married. Taking off the fur coat and leaving my car was a gesture toward leaving the security and comfort, and the well-ordered schedule of things in my life.

The morning's air was sharp against my cheeks as I walked the long block. It braced me somewhat, and as I came in view of the glass-roofed studio buildings, there was a feeling of growing nerve and courage in my heart. In the hazy distance I saw lots of people, mostly women, hurrying towards one of the buildings, around the front of which a small crowd was gathering.

"That must be the entrance place," I told myself. What a strange and yet interesting collection of humanity waited around that main door! There were all types . . . all sorts . . . all ages. I felt that for the first time in my life I was living in the midst of change and contrast. I waited at the edge of the crowd, rather chilly, but the warm flush of anticipation helped to keep me from becoming uncomfortably cold.

An old lady, dressed in black and swathed in a grey shawl, caught my interest. I supposed she was what they called a "type," because if ever there was an old lady who looked just like the typical grandmother, it was she. There was a little girl, very pretty and fidgety, hanging on to the old soul's arm. I found out later that the "grandmother" did not act in the pictures after all. She only came to the studio to bring the little girl, who had a child's part in the movie at seven dollars a day!

I CANNOT tell you about them all. There were too many, perhaps sixty in all. But some of the girls were very pretty, and loudly dressed. Some of them had very hard faces and worldly eyes. I saw one tall, slender girl, with an exquisite pair of brown eyes and a very spiritual face, standing quite a ways off from everyone else. Her clothes were not very stylish, but they were neat. I suspected that she was a very earnest and ambitious worker, who was in the movies to make good if possible. Of course there were lots of shabby-looking people in the mob, and lots of the crowd carried the clothes they were going to wear in the picture under their arms, wrapped up in papers.

The men seemed the shabbiest of all. Honestly, but for the importance they attached to themselves, by the way they held their heads and strutted around, you might have thought that they were a lot of unemployed waiters and clerks, looking around an employment agency for work. Some of them actually looked starved. Everybody except a bare few persons were holding their yellow cards in their hands.

Suddenly a large, beautiful car approached. The crowd drew into a smaller knot, as if some invisible hand had pushed it back. I saw the big machine draw up in front of the steps.

"Isn't she just lovely!" cried a woman at my right, her eyes simply glued to the face and form of the tall, slender and richly-dressed woman who got out of the car. "It's Miss ———, the star of the picture," she said, turning to me.

"Oh," I returned, properly impressed, "this is the first time I've ever seen her."

The star, upon reaching the little platform in front of the office, turned to us and waved her hand, smiling a "Good morning." Everybody but a few of the shabby men clapped their hands at this. The men seemed too interested in their own conversations to take note of this little scene. The star disappeared through the door.

A few seconds later the wide, double doors were thrown open, and the collection of extras began surging towards the entrance. At the door my yellow card was inspected and a couple of entries were made upon it. A big man in a blue flannel shirt told me that the women's quarters were to the left, as far down as the last door.

"Go in that door, youse'll get fixed up there," he said.

In that moment I wished Marie could have been along with me. It would have been such an experience for her to see me herded along down a dark, dim hallway to a dressing room, where I was going to make up in company with about twenty other girls and women, after having re-

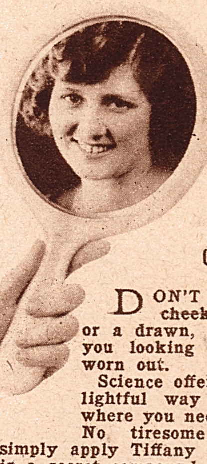
FLAPPERS FIND NEW WAY TO BEAUTIFY EYELASHES

The latest discovery of thousands of girls of the "flapper" type is a "make up" that insures those naturally long, thick, lustrous, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to beauty.

They are using a new invisible liquid which dries instantly and is much more easily and quickly applied than the old cake preparations. It darkens the lashes and makes them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof, so tears and perspiration cannot affect it, and it will not run, rub off or smear. Does not make the lashes become brittle or break off, even if used daily, because it contains natural beneficial oils which stimulate growth.

This new eyelash "make up" is called Lashbrow Liquid. It costs but a few cents and is sold and guaranteed by all good drug and department stores everywhere.

FREE TRIAL For introductory purposes, we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping, and send it at once to **LASHBROW LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 295, 417 Canal St., New York City.**



Have Pretty Round Face and Neck instead of Unsightly Hollows

DON'T let those sunken cheeks, hollow temples or a drawn, skinny neck keep you looking thin, peaked, old worn out.

Science offers you a sure, delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting. No tiresome exercise. You simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, skinny necks and under-developed busts round out almost at once—firm, dainty, beautiful. Crows feet and wrinkles disappear as though by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair on the face.

Sold direct from our laboratories so that the valuable tissue building oils reach you fresh, full strength and effective. Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after two weeks use according to directions. Price, $3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will send prepaid. If you prefer, send no money with your order, but pay the postman $3.00, plus the few cents postage, when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES
1110 Keith Bldg. :: Cleveland, Ohio

GIVE BIRTH DATE

YOUR FORTUNE In The Stars

LET ME TELL YOU FREE

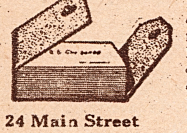
Some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters as indicated by ASTROLOGY. The most ancient science known to history. Your prospects of life, death, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vitial questions can be revealed through the great science of ASTROLOGY. Let me tell you FREE startling facts that may change the whole course of your life and bring success, happiness, and prosperity instead of dispair and failure, which may now be staring you in the face. Your astrological interpretation written in plain, simple language will consist of not less than two solid pages. To avoid triflers and children, enclose 10 cents in any form to cover cost of this notice, mailing, etc. and give BIRTH DATE. There will be no delay—you will hear from me at once in a plain envelope securely sealed post paid. This wonderful offer may not be made again, so ACT now. Address Parashira.

Dept. 8-V 11 E. 42nd Street New York City.

You Should Know the Truth!
I will tell FREE
What are your chances in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success — under which zodiac sign were you born?
ASTROLOGY, the most ancient science of history, indicates all.
SOLAR will tell you FREE whether you were born under a lucky star and will give you the most accurate astrological interpretation of your zodiac sign. Send **immediately** your name and birth date in your own handwriting, and to cover the cost of this notice and postage ENCLOSE TEN CENTS (stamps or coin) also exact name and address. There will then be sent you securely sealed and postpaid your astrological interpretation, plainly written and understood. **A great surprise awaits you!** Do not fail to send birth date and ten cents. Print name and address to avoid delay. WRITE TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY.
SOLAR STUDIO, 263 Fifth Avenue, New York, Dept. 187
Send Birth Date

Marvo BRINGS BEAUTY LIKE MAGIC

by removing the outer blemished skin, thus allowing NATURE to bring forth a NEW SKIN as clear as a baby's. If you are troubled with surface blemishes, such as Freckles, Pimples, Large Pores, Blackheads, Eczema, discolorations, etc., MARVO will take them off, together with your aged skin, in an absolutely Harmless and Painless way, without the need of a costly and painful operation. No need to stay indoors while using MARVO. The genuine MARVO is colorless, pleasant to use and guaranteed to contain no injurious acids. Wonderful results proven. Write at once for FREE Marvo Beauty Book, which contains full particulars.
MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept 325 1658 Broadway, N. Y.

MIDGET NAME CARDS
THE LATEST NOVELTY 50c. Per Book

Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¾x¾, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card Name in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, coin or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *Agents Wanted.*
MIDGET CARD SHOP
24 Main Street Greene, R.I.

P I M P L E S
CAN BE CURED. If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.
W. H. WARREN, 512 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME
YOU CAN make $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day.
AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars
64 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada

Wanted For Movies
Ladies and gentlemen wanted to act with stars in big films to follow our past successes at the Strand, Rialto, Rivoli and other Broadway theatres. Experience unnecessary.
PREEMINENT PICTURES COMPANY
145 West 45th Street :: New York City

THE RADIANT WILL
Project your WILL by Telepathy and get what you want. Our system of "MIND TRANSFUSION" brings surprising results. Can be mastered in a week. Address
CONSTRUCTIVE PSYCHOLOGY, LEAGUE
Dept. MW, 4675 Lake Park Avenue, Chicago

ceived her individual attention for two years before a dressing mirror! But I liked the excitement of it all.

The woman in charge of the dressing room and her assistants, lost very little time in making us up. We formed in a line, and as we passed by one of them smeared our faces with the yellowish make-up preparation that is supposed to make you photograph better under the bright lights. As I was just to take the part of a girl in one or two street mob scenes that day, I did not have to change my clothes.

I thought that the make-up girl gave me a very searching look as she fixed me. For a moment I was afraid she might have recognized me from some of my many pictures that had appeared in the newspapers.

"Too bad you're not playing in some interiors today," she said with a smile.

I guess she realized I did not understand just what she meant, for she pointed to my hair and said:

"It's a shame you have to wear a hat over hair like that. It's beautiful."

I thanked her, and passed on to the door, where a man was directing the way to the set we were to work on. The compliment of the make-up woman lingered in my thoughts as I walked along. It was one of the first spoken to me in a long time that I sincerely appreciated.

It took me many moments to accustom my eyes to the flickering and flaring of the lights that filled the studio set with a buzzing sort of noise. And even when I did, there was so much to see that I did not get a very clear idea of anything in particular.

To be perfectly frank, there seemed to be a great deal of confusion around me. Men in shirt-sleeves were moving furniture about. Other men were hammering at scenery. Some were shouting and calling out for lights. Suddenly a bell clanged somewhere behind me, and the noises died down.

A TALL, slim man, carrying a megaphone in one hand and a sheaf of papers in the other, entered. He was followed by the beautiful star and several other men.

"Is everything ready for the hall scene?" asked the man with the megaphone.

Somebody told him that everything was ready to "shoot that scene." I watched the girl star act with a man who was evidently playing the role of her father with very much interest. But after awhile it became tiresome, as they went over and over the same thing several times before the director with the megaphone was satisfied. However, his assistant called for lights, after a time, and the cameramen began turning the cranks of their machines.

It seemed as if they never would get to a part of the picture in which the "extras" were to be used. Everybody around me began to grow more or less impatient, and I heard several of the pretty girls, with hard faces and wise eyes, saying that they might just as well have slept another hour or so.

"They get you up here at daybreak and use you five minutes around sundown," complained one of them in a voice loud enough for me to overhear.

A sudden commotion in the crowd occurred. I felt myself being pushed and nudged around on all sides. Whispers reached me . . . whispers that seemed filled with awe.

"That's him—sure, it's him in the flesh, you dumb-bell," said the girl at my left, jerking her head in the direction of the stage. I looked that way and beheld a very tall, dark-eyed man, dressed like a fashion model, moving toward the director. I recognized the tall man immediately. He was Edwardo ————, famous as one of the screen's greatest lovers and romantic types.

"He's a sheik for fair," was another remark I overheard concerning the celebrated male star.

I had to admit to myself that he was an unusually interesting man to look at. The dreaminess about his eyes . . . his foreignness . . . his manners . . . were things which, combined with his handsomeness, gave him great appeal at a close-up view.

He did not do any acting before the camera that morning, and I was very much disappointed. Lunch time came without the "extras" having been called upon for any scenes. When the lunch bell rang, I simply followed the crowd. Walking along, I studied the very much mixed crowd of people that surrounded me. It was while doing this that a man's voice, sounding at my elbow, made me realize that I was being addressed.

"Never seen you around at any of the studios before. Are you a novice in the game?"

I turned to the speaker. Something about him appeared vaguely familiar. I tried to place him. For a few seconds this was impossible, but then it came to me in a flash that he was one of the "important" looking men I had noticed outside of the studio early that morning.

There was no reason why I shouldn't talk to him because we had not been introduced. That was a part of the past with me . . . demanding conventions of that sort. I was out in the world, rubbing elbows with everybody, and I felt that there was no better time to start rubbing than the present.

"You are right if you mean that this is my first day as a movie 'extra,'" I answered.

"Well, you'll find it is tiresome drudgery. I am hoping each new day in a studio will be my last. These movie people—ugh!" he shrugged his shoulders scornfully. "By the way, what possessed you to go into this work, if I may ask?"

"I WANTED to see what it is like, and, to be perfectly frank, I am anxious to make a career in the pictures for myself," I replied, curious as to what the man would say to this. He was such a self-important person for all of his shabby dinner clothes, which he had put on in order to take part in a society scene.

"Movie-struck, eh? Well, you have lots of company in that feeling. Look at them around you—these girls! Of course, circumstances forced me into this work. My uncle, you know, is a former Mexican diplomat. I was with him in a high position here until a political change at home upset our personal fortunes. However, at an early date things will right themselves. I generally play what they call 'atmosphere' roles. I can be a nobleman, a special society character, a diplomat. Sometimes I get twenty-five dollars per day for interpreting such roles," he said, escorting me to a long table which was covered by some kind of a white oil cloth material.

I did my best to appear quite impressed by his account of himself. As the studio lunch progressed, I found out that there were many other "extra" men who told more or less intriguing tales about themselves. Most of them seemed to be of the impoverished social elect. They were all related to high-sounding families, apparently, although, truth to tell, I had never heard of the people they mentioned before.

A woman, who wore many diamonds, and was gotten up like a bargain counter offering in silks, quite took my breath away when she told me that part of her life's history which had to do with the acquisition of her sparkling jewelry.

"My Wall Street Daddy gave me this diamond watch on my last birthday—and this pinky ring to celebrate our meeting a year ago. He's some sweetie, that old boy!" she said to me.

After lunch, all of the extras were assembled on a big set which was a street scene in a certain part of Chicago. I was picked out to be a girl shopping with her husband, or sweetheart on a Saturday afternoon.

"Here, you," called out the assistant director to a man whose back was partly turned to me, "you—the big, tall, white-hope looking fellow there."

At these words the young giant turned around.

"You want me?" he asked in a voice that seemed to fill the room with a presence. I looked at the

I Have Found Out How to Get Rid of Superfluous Hair At Once

Here's the Secret

I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried every way to get rid of it—all the depilatories I had heard of, electrolysis, even a razor. I tried every advertised remedy, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was hopeless until there came to me the simple but truly wonderful discovery which has brought such great relief and joy to me and to other women that it really cannot be expressed in words.

My face is now not only perfectly free from superfluous hair but smooth and soft as a baby's, all by use of the simple method which I will gladly explain to any woman who will write to me.

This amazing method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin soft, smooth and beautifully attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And you face the brightest light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

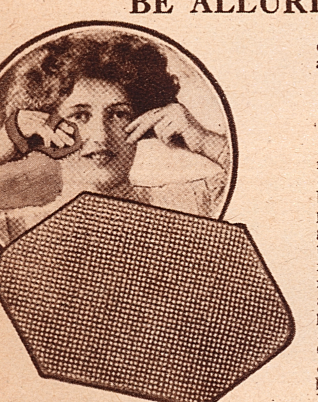
With this method, used according to the simple directions I will give you, your trouble with superfluous hair is over permanently. You will never again appear with that ugly growth to disfigure your face.

So overjoyed was I with the results this discovery brought to me that I gave it my own name--Lanzette.

Send for Free Book

A book that tells just how this wonderful method gets rid of superfluous hair is free upon request. Don't send a penny—just a letter or post card. Address Annette Lanzette, Dept. 973, care Hygienic Laboratories, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR COMPLEXION CAN BE ALLURING



Free your pores daily from oily waste and dirt with

BAILEY'S Rubber Complexion Brush

Its many soft red rubber studs overcome and prevent blackheads, enlarged pores, wrinkles. Hygienic. Will not hurt tenderest skin. Its regular use means a natural complexion all will envy. Price postpaid only 65c. Petite Brush, 35c. Get free folder of other BAILEY rubber products. WRITE NOW!

C. J. BAILEY CO., Dept. R-1
88 Broad Street :: Boston, Massachusetts

Women delighted with new dignified pleasant way to make $50 and more a week.

Make Money Taking Pictures!

We train you quickly at home. No experience necessary. Spare time or full time. Professional camera free. Photographs in big demand by magazines, newspapers, advertisers, etc. Also train you to take better portraits than the average professional photographer! Equip you to make $50 to $100 a week in business of your own. New plan. Nothing else like it. Write today for amazing details.

International Studios, Inc.
Dept. 5525 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

man again. He owned a face, and a pair of eyes that aroused my instant interest.

"Sure. You look like a husband big enough to carry a few bundles of the wife's shopping. Jimmy," he went on, turning to a little Italian chap nearby, "get those packages and give them to this man," pointing to the giant.

"Now," went on the assistant, "I want you two," motioning to me and then to the big man, "to go behind the scene and come out of the department store's door there, as if you were out on a Saturday afternoon's shopping trip. Lady, you must register satisfaction over having made some good bargains. And you, as her husband," turning again to the man, "must express the feelings of all good husbands under such circumstances. Look as if you wish you were at a ball game instead." With these words he waved us behind the scene.

The man made no attempt to open a conversation with me as we stood behind the canvas walls of the department store, awaiting the call of the director. Somehow I wished he would say something, but from the look in his eyes, I might just as well have been in Africa.

Never having felt the appeal of any man sway me in the least before, I was at a loss to understand what magic there was about the quiet stranger that kept drawing my glances to his dark, dark eyes, which seemed filled with dreams of the far-away. I kept wondering why I was so interested in the fact that his clothes, while neat were obviously old and well-worn—and why a man of his kind was making his way in life as a "movie extra."

"Come out, now, you husband and wife shoppers," came the order from the assistant. "And, Mrs. Shopper, hang on to your husband's arm as if you liked him better than anything in the world, except your two new dresses."

These words made me look up swiftly at the man before I took his arm as directed. For a fleeting moment our eyes met and held. I thought that there was a ghost of a smile in his eyes, or upon his lips, as if something had suddenly made him forget his far-away dreams in the necessity of present action.

As my hand touched the man's arm, a sensation entirely new to me worked, fire-like, through my veins. A slight trembling came upon me, and I walked out of the painted department store in a fluster of strange excitement.

Who is this man that has captured the fancies of Natalie, and how will it affect her life? A vivid, powerful story. Don't miss it in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

Directing Dumb Beasts in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 11)

than what was pictured. I was a witness to a scene in which Nero, the lion who had the habit of backing up, hurt one man and then got me in a tight fix, where he was between my legs. By holding over his head a whip and talking gently to him, I got away unscathed. On the following day, however, Charles Gay, cornered in the same manner was not so lucky. Nero reached back and grabbed him and hurt him so badly that we had to rush him to a doctor's.

"In speaking of Charles Gay and his remarkable troupe of lions, I would like to say that, to my way of thinking, he owns the greatest collection of 'broken stock' that the Southland harbors to-day, on his lion farm in Los Angeles. Mrs. Gay nurses the animals along and humors them as if she were handling chickens on a ranch. While her husband feeds the larger stock, she takes care of the babies.

"There is a certain fascination to working with animals, just as there is a desire to work upon the stage, or to appear in front of the camera and disport one's acting wares. One never thinks of the dangers. All you seem to look forward to is to show the animals that you are their master and to make them perform to your bidding. As long as they know that you are their master, they will do what is expected of them. But the moment they can whip you by causing fear to creep into your heart, they know it. And then, just watch them rule the situation."

BANISH YOUR FAT

Noted Doctor's Prescription Offers Safe, Easy Way to Reduce

THERE is no longer any excuse for carrying around a burden of dangerous, unsightly fat when it is so easy to reduce with comfort and safety. No woman who values health and happiness can afford to ignore the accumulation of fat, for sooner or later she will pay the penalties of sickness, bodily discomforts, waning beauty and loss of charm.

A Remarkable Discovery

Thanks to the remarkable discovery of Dr. R. L. Graham, famous stomach specialist, it is now possible to reduce quickly and *safely* without drugs, creams, diet or exercise. Dr. Graham found that yeast-producing alcohol in the stomach results in obesity, anemia, rheumatism and diabetes. Years of study enabled him to perfect a remedy that would check fat at its source and quickly reduce surplus fat without injury to any vital organ in the body. He avoided the depleting effects of starving, excessive exercise, weakening baths and electricity, and produced the simple, harmless remedy known as Neutroids.

100,000 People Have Used It

Neutroids, Dr. Graham's famous prescription, has been used by more than 100,000 people who wanted to reduce to normal weight and health. "How wonderful it feels to be slender at last!" is the testimony of thousands of grateful people whose letters are on file at the Graham Sanitarium, Newark, N. J. What Neutroids has done for them it can do for you. Just as yeast preparations are taken by those who desire to *gain* flesh, so Neutroids are prescribed for those who want to *lose* it. Neutroids are guaranteed to contain no thyroid or habit-forming drugs. They are absolutely harmless, pleasant to take and highly effective.

Personal Consultation Free

Dr. Graham himself, or a member of the Graham Sanitarium staff will gladly answer personal inquiries from people who wish to take advantage of Neutroids in order to reduce with ease and safety. You may feel free to write in confidence at any time. This offer is made only to those who send for a two weeks' treatment of Neutroids, using the coupon below. Send no money—mail the coupon today.

THE GRAHAM SANITARIUM, INC.,
Dept. 208—215 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.

Send me 2 weeks' treatment of Dr. Graham's Neutroids, which entitles me to free personal mail advice and free booklet on Obesity. I will deposit $2 (plus postage) with postman on arrival of Neutroids in **plain package**. It is understood that my money will be refunded if I do not get a satisfactory reduction from this treatment.

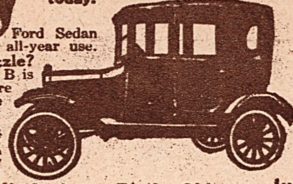
Name..

Street..

City.................................State...................

Sedan Given Away

You Can Win a Sedan
Surely you want this latest model Ford Sedan. Write me today.



We have given away many Autos. Now we will give a new latest model Ford Sedan completely equipped, delivered freight and tax paid. The ideal car for all-year use.

19	5	4	1	14	7	9	22	5	14

Can You Solve This Puzzle? The alphabet is numbered—A is 1, B is 2, etc. What two words are represented by the figures? (19 is letter S). SEND NO MONEY—just write the two words and your name and address. Be first—write today.

Send Answer Today Besides Sedan we give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Watches, etc., and hundreds of dollars in cash. EVERYBODY WINS! Nothing difficult to do; all can share in Cash and Prizes. You can win the Sedan and bring to you and your loved-ones the joys only a Sedan can give. SEND YOUR ANSWER TODAY and try for this Sedan.

M. L. BOEING, Mgr. Dept. 2525 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Have You An Idea For A Movie Star?

WRITE FOR THE MOVIES

Big Money In It—

Ideas for moving picture plays wanted by producers. Big prices paid for accepted material.

Submit ideas in any form at once for our **free** examination and advice. **Previous experience unnecessary.** This is not a school. We have no course, plan, book, system or other instruction matter to sell you. A strictly bona fide service for those who would turn their talents into dollars.

An Interesting Booklet
"THE PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING"
Sent free for the asking.

BRISTOL PHOTOPLAY STUDIOS
Suite 602-M, Bristol Building New York, N. Y.

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 17)

and saying that a director has given to the world the fruit of "a sincere effort," is like telling a woman you respect her for her worthiness.

Instead, we shall go to a Pathe picture we saw at the Rivoli. Hugo Riesenfeld, with his usual tact and perspicacity, used this "King of Wild Horses" to bolster up a sagging program which had for the feature that featureless film, "The Moral Sinner."

"King of Wild Horses" is the most exciting "Western" we ever saw, for the hero is a horse instead of a man. He roams out in the great open spaces, where horses are horses, and for years King is the most feared, envied and coveted stallion in the country. Feared by the herd which follows him, envied by other wild horses and coveted by every cowboy who ever heard of him, King evidently is a thoroughly trained animal, but he gives a remarkably intelligent performance as a wild horse and he jumps fourteen feet across a yawning chasm and later fifty feet off a cliff into a raging torrent. There is a real story with a hold-up plot written around the exploitation of this equine marvel, and "King of Wild Horses" is a picture we wouldn't have missed for the world.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"THE BREAKING POINT"

Lost—One More Memory

A Herbert Brenon production, shown at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, with Patsy Ruth Miller, Nita Naldi, Matt Moore, et al. Story by Mary Roberts Rinehart.

When Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "The Breaking Point," was put on the stage, it was designed to hold the attention of the audience by starting in at the end and going backwards. Now it appears on the screen, with Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett and Matt Moore as the stars, and it is not so good. When the breaking point came in the stage play and Judson Clark lost his mind, he just started life over again as Richard Livingston. The first act showed "Dr. Dick" engaged to "the sweetest little girl."

He was a kindly village doctor, and so he lived, "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Then into his life one day comes a mysterious dark beauty, who calls him fond names. He will have none of her, however, but it is an interesting situation. Is it a case of mistaken identity, or has murder merely made its debut?

In the screen version they have just begun at the beginning and let events take their course; so there is no mystery at all. And the story becomes merely another triangular problem. The breaking point might be the point where the hero breaks with the dark lady. Matt Moore, that ever-ready, always dependable actor, plays the hero very well. Patsy Ruth Miller does the same with the heroine, and Nita Naldi does wonders with the dark lady. Nita is slender—or, at least, slenderer. Our choice, however, is Theodore Von Eltz, whom we first saw as the lover in the screen "Tiger Rose." He holds the key to the mystery of who killed whom. Herbert Brenon directed "The Breaking Point."

We return to "Which Shall It Be?" with a firm resolve in our heart. Such a picture should immediately be cut down to two reels or suffer the consequences. But there is as much chance of Aenard Hoffman's cutting that picture as there was of the mother's selling one of her seven children to the rich uncle.

"Which Shall It Be?" is taken from that poem we all used to read in school—"Which Shall It Be? Which Shall It Be? I looked at John—John looked at me."

There are seven children; therefore the picture has seven times as much hokum in it as pictures of this sort usually have. Two sailors sat in front of us when we viewed "Which Shall It Be." We had to stay and see it through. They didn't. As they got up, one of them exclaimed, "If that's a good picture, I'm President Coolidge!" We looked hard at him, but he was not President Coolidge.

FRECKLES

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET RID OF THESE UGLY SPOTS

There's no longer the slighest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital $1,250,000.00
206 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

Beauty is skin deep

Remove the old skin with all its imperfections and you can have skin like a new-born babe.

Youth-Ami Skin Peel

The World's Greatest Discovery, enables you to find youthful and perfect skin beauty. No costly or painful operations. *Harmless, painless.* Removes all surface blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc.

An invisible, stainless liquid. Contains no acid, mercury or arsenic. Not an ordinary clay or cream. Quick, easy and sure way to have a healthy new skin. Results astounding. Ask your druggist or write for booklet "Magic of a New Skin."

Youth-Ami Laboratories, Dept. 8JF, 30 E. 20th St., N.Y.

FOR PHOTOPLAY IDEAS

Dont' send your manuscripts to studios until first protected by copyright. Plots accepted in any form; revised, criticied, copyrighted, marketed. We are right on the ground in daily touch with the studios. Not a school—no course or books to sell. Advice free.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO CORPORATION,
10 Security Bldg. Santa Monica & Western Ave. Hollywood Cal.
Pub. Popular Scenario Writer *Send for free sample copy*

Studio News Notes

Thanks to Mary Pickford and the Gods that make the destiny of moving pictures, the world will be spared a cruel blow. Most of you have seen or heard of the famed nose that protruded itself from the otherwise normal face of Cyrano De Berjerac. Well, it seems that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford recently watched Walter Hampden disporting himself in the role of Cyrano and Doug immediately conceived a great desire to "do" this for the films. Now, many things have graced the face of Fairbanks in his most recent pictures. Anything from mustaches to goatees and side-burns, but can you imagine our own D. F. sporting the World's Greatest Beezer? The bare thought of it chills our blood, but luckily, yes fortunately, Lil' Mary threw a literal monkey wrench right in the middle of that notion and thereby spared fandom that cruel blow.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

We are soon to see Carlyle Blackwell again and this time in "The Beloved Vagabond," William J. Locke's corking novel.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Gert Short, playing with Alberta Vaughn in "The Telephone Girl," seems to get rather badly buffeted about. Two accidents so far have resulted in broken bones.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Let a star make a success in a certain type of picture and they'll feed you on the same unvarying diet henceforth and forevermore, until you howl for mercy. Colleen Moore, who needs no introduction to anyone, is now engaged in making "The Perfect Flapper."

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Vera Lewis, due to the success she scored in young Coogan's picture, "Long Live the King," has received a bid to ship to murky London and play the feature role in something big based on the life of Anne of Austria. They liked her work a heap over there.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Jack Dempsey, Champ, will soon be Jack Dempsey, Actor, and one million dollars wealthier. It seems that he has signed a contract with Universal to do ten films for the above figure. Not so worse!

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. Kirkwood is not the only star listed to receive a call from friend stork. That happy harbinger is due at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Al Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. "There'll be a grand time, etc.!"

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Mary and Doug were feted and feasted at the Biltmore on their recent visit to New York by the Society of Arts and Sciences, and there were over five hundred celebs present to testify in no uncertain tones the extent of their popularity. They are in Europe, now.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

When Pola Negri makes her appearance in the much talked of picture, "Men," be sure to look intently for the ballroom scene. This is said to be tremendous, a regular wow!

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Two dimples with a market value of $100,000 belong to the countenance of Charlotte Nash and have been duly insured for that amount. Miss Nash will bid for the honor of "Miss America" at the Atlantic City beauty pageant this year before entering the cinema realms. Some folks are born with golden spoons in their mouths and others have dimples.

The White Sin

(Continued from page 20)

two years before. Then she was leaving home to escape the tyranny of her Aunt Cynthia. Now she was coming back to find a place in the world, if possible, for her and for her baby to live.

A butler answered Hattie Lou's soft pressure on the doorbell. He looked at her inquiringly and she was relieved to find him strange to her and no part of the Farm Center she had known two years back.

"I should like to see Mrs. Van Gore," she said quietly. "You may tell her that an old acquaintance has called."

The butler ushered her into a small reception room opening off the main hallway of the house, and in less than two minutes' time, Mrs. Van Gore, clad in mourning, was standing before her. Hattie Lou rose, the baby in her arms, and held out a hand to the mother of her dead husband.

"Don't you remember me, Mrs. Van Gore?" she asked with a faint, sad smile.

The elderly woman hesitated a moment and then exclaimed:

"Hattie Lou Harkness?"

Hattie Lou nodded.

"Well, how do you do!" Mrs. Van Gore said sadly. "Do sit down and tell me all about yourself. Oh, but Hattie Lou, we have known such terrible trouble during the past week."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I know," Hattie Lou said quietly. And then, as delicately as she could, she told Mrs. Van Gore the story of her marriage to Preston.

Amazement shone in the eyes of the elderly woman.

"But, my dear child," she cried, "where have you kept yourself all this time?"

Hattie Lou hung her head.

"We quarreled," she replied sadly, "and I left the yacht that morning. We were to keep our marriage secret. Only his death has led me to come to you—for I need help."

The white head of the mother before her shook with suppressed emotion.

"My dear child," she murmured, "you shall be all to us that my dear daughter was!"

And thus did Hattie Lou find herself in a luxurious home after months of soul-destroying poverty.

So quickly do people adjust themselves to changed circumstances that scarcely a week had passed before Hattie Lou felt quite at home in the Van Gore household—quite, indeed, as though she had always lived there. The baby became a great favorite with all and it was a comfort for Hattie Lou to think that her child would be spared the harsh contact with the world, as she had known it, through the protection of the Van Gore wealth.

The Van Gore family was now three—the father, a kind, feeble old gentleman; the mother, who was Hattie's staunch friend; and the older brother, Grant, who was an invalid from the Great War. Automatically, almost, it became Hattie Lou's privilege and pleasure to be much with the latter, for, invalided as he was, his ways of amusement were limited. They read aloud to each other, played checkers and chess, and exchanged in all the myriad ways in which young and attractive youth will seek each other, the delightful commerce of sentimental companionship.

It was natural for Grant Van Gore to fall swiftly in love with Hattie Lou. She was young and remarkably lovely with that peculiar charm for men which premature widowhood seems invariably to hold. And Hattie Lou, on the other hand, found herself drawn with equal fondness toward the brother of Preston Van Gore.

Thus matters continued until suddenly one morning, out of a clear sky, came a bombshell.

A cable message was received at the breakfast table by the Van Gore family:

"Castaway on South Sea Island. Just rescued.
(Signed) Preston and Grace."

Hattie Lou felt the world growing dark about her. Preston Van Gore lived! She started to rise to her feet, then fell forward in a dead faint.

How did Hattie Lou face the future with her supposed-to-be husband on his way back to his own home, where she now lived—an impostor? Read next week's issue of Movie Weekly for the thrilling outcome of this situation.

OVER A FOOT TALL

She Talks and Walks and Sleeps

Wonderful Talking and Walking Doll Free

HELLO GIRLS!

"My name is Polly Ann. What's your name?

"I'd like to get acquainted with you and come and live at your house. Would you like to have me? We would play all day long and have ever so much fun. Please want me.

"I'm a big talking and walking doll. I'm over a foot tall.; I can say 'Mama' and if you hold me I will walk with you. My eyes close and go to sleep when you lay me down. My hair is bobbed and you can comb it like a real baby's.

"When I come to you I am dressed in a pretty romper suit with bonnet to match, shoes and stockings; but when we go visiting you can dress me in party clothes. I think you will like me best dressed in my rompers all ready to play with you.

"If you want me to come and be your own dolly, be sure to write Aunt Tillie. Do this for me today. Please do."

We have already given away thousands of dolls. Now we will send this big beautiful doll free to advertise our business—a favor you can easily do. Write me today.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

16	15	12	12	25	1	14	14

What two words do these figures spell? The alphabet is numbered, A is 1, B is 2, etc. Can you make out the two words? Send your answer today.

Send No Money Not a penny of your money is wanted now or later. Just write your answer to the puzzle and send your name and address. I will at once send you our Big Free Doll Offer. You can soon have Polly Ann. Send your answer today.

AUNT TILLIE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 2525, Chicago, Ill.

The two words are............................Please send at once your Big Free Doll Offer. (Write plainly.)

Name ....

Address ....

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample.

ALEXANDER LABORATORIES,
7268 Gateway Station :: Kansas City, Mo.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

Advertisements in this column, 10 cents per word, each insertion payable in advance. Minimum 30 words. Forms close 25 days in advance of publication date.

Correspondence Courses

Sell Us Your Spare Time. Write showcards for us. We instruct and supply work. No experience necessary. **Wilson Methods, Limited, Dept. 121, Toronto, Canada.**

Men—Women, 18 up, wanted. U. S. Government jobs. $100 to $250 month. Steady work. Life positions. Paid vacations. Pull unnecessary. List positions free. Write immediately. **Franklin Institute, Dept. K-107, Rochester, N. Y.**

FAT CAN BE REDUCED IN JUST TWO WAYS

Medicines Are Worthless and Generally Harmful

Fat cannot be sweated out—the first drink of water you take after perspiring restores the lost weight—

Fat cannot be rubbed off—if rubbing did break it up it would simply float around the blood and be re-deposited elsewhere—

It cannot be squeezed out by rubber bands or corsets—massage furnishes a little exercise but squeezing has no effect at all.

The Real Solution Is Simple and It Works

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat making food intake or by muscular exercise. There is no other way for it to get in or get out.

All other ills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it.

In his New Book entitled
"HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT"
Bernarr Macfadden

gives you the complete regime for weight reduction including full dietary instructions, actual menus, food classifications and reduction exercises.

It is by all odds the most thorough and effective work on weight reduction that we have ever seen. Only 50c post-paid—send for it to-day. Or we will enter your subscription to Physical Culture Magazine and mail you a copy of "How to Reduce Weight" for $3.10.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Dept. MW-11
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, N.Y.C.

I want to Pay You $85 a week

Man or Woman—Send for my proposition, I pay men and women $85.00 weekly to as high as $36.00 per day for either all or spare time help. No experience necessary.

Sell PRINCESS RADIUM LINGERIE

Charming ladies lingerie and hosiery, pretty, low priced, sells on sight, actually. Miss Grace James averaged $36 a day, spare time; R. G. Thompson earned $33 in one day. You can do as well, we tell you how.

Profits in Advance

Your profits in advance, we ship and collect. You show goods and mail us the orders. Nothing in any store compares in beauty and value to "Princess Radium" lingerie and hosiery.

High Grade-Steady

Unusual opportunity for big cash quick, write for plan and exclusive territory, build a steady income for life. District managers wanted. Territorial rights going fast, don't delay, write now.

Free Handsome photos from actual models and samples of genuine "Princess Radium" silk, free

ROBERTS-FRANK & CO
1733 Irving Park Blvd
DEPT E17 CHICAGO

Fiery Reelike DIAMONDS

At special bargain prices. Reelike diamonds have sparkle and dazzle which only the finest diamonds possess. Set in latest style mountings which are reproductions of solid platinum rings.

No. 1—Man's heavy platinum finish ring, handsomely carved. Large Reelike Diamond securely set in octagon shaped top, **$3.87**

No. 2—Oriental Peacock Ring, sterling silver, 19 emeralds and sapphires in feathers, ruby eye in head. Rare beauty. Special at **$1.83.**

No. 3—Beautiful gift or dinner ring. Oblong sapphire in center surrounded by 14 Genuine Reelike Diamonds and triangular cloisenne enamels in each corner. Reproduction of $75 ring. Introductory price only **$4.83.**

No. 4 — Lady's solitaire. Large Reelike Diamond set in platinum finished handsomely carved mounting. Only **$3.27.**

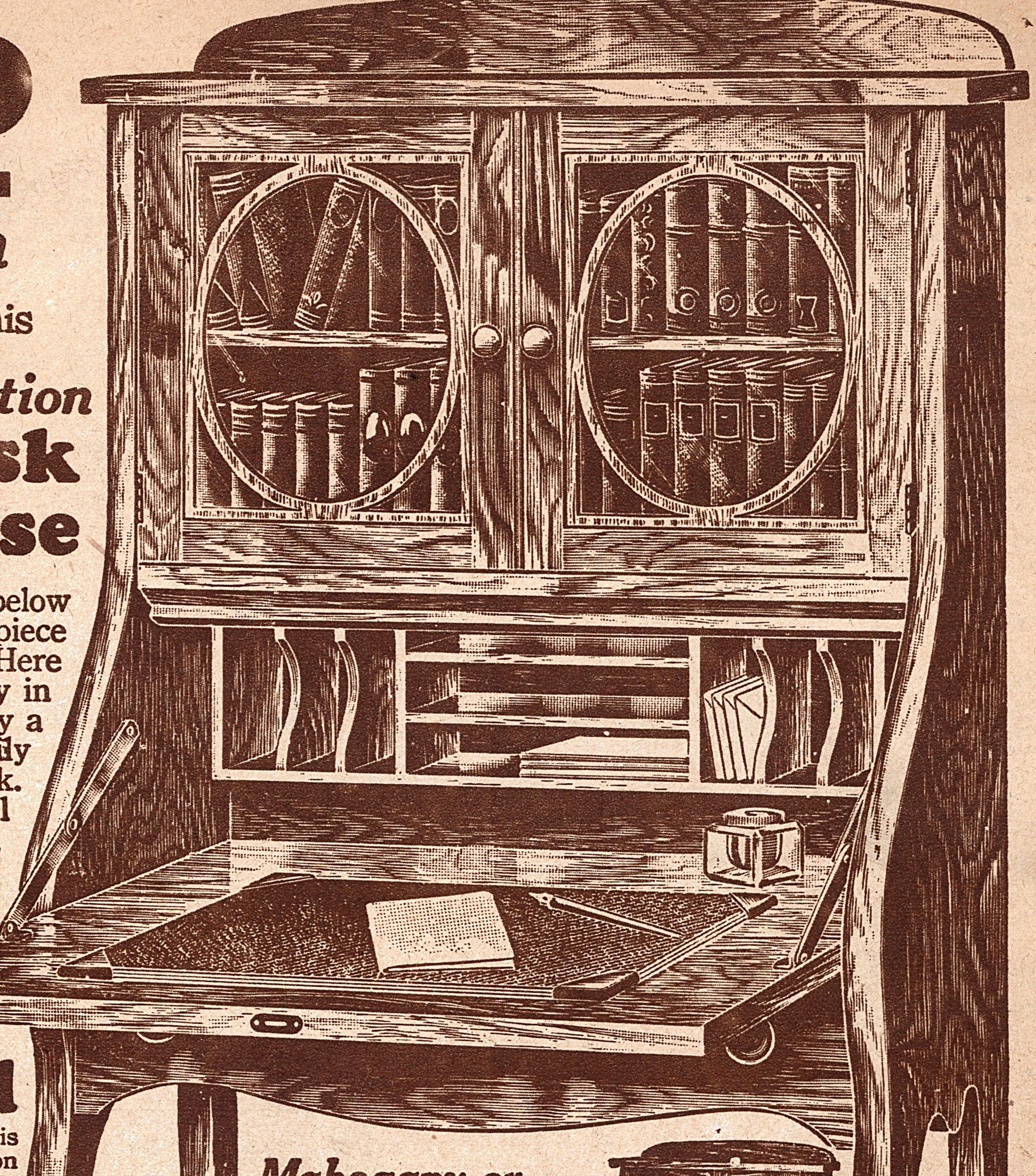
SEND NO MONEY. Let us send you any ring for inspection. On arrival, pay postman price quoted. WE PREPAY ALL POSTAGE. Keep ring 10 days and if not satisfied then, we will return your money immediately. Order today as special sale prices on these rings may be withdrawn any day

FRANKLIN JEWELRY CO.,
97B Nassau St., N. Y.

$1.00 Down

Brings this

Beautiful Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase



Yes, only **$1** with the coupon below brings this handsome and useful piece of furniture to your home on trial. Here is something that's a real necessity in a well furnished home. Hardly a day passes but some one in the family has occasion to use a writing desk. And here is a place to keep all writing material, paper, envelopes, etc. A place, too, to put away letters and papers you want to keep. And a handsome, convenient bookcase besides. Read this wonderful offer!

30 Days Trial

Just **$1** with the coupon below brings this writing desk and bookcase to your home on 30 days' trial. Use it just as if it were your own; note the wonderful convenience; examine the sturdy construction; see what a handsome piece of furniture it is. After 30 days, if you wish, you may return it at our expense and we'll refund your $1.00 plus all freight charges you paid. No risk to you; no cost for the trial.

$2.50 a Month

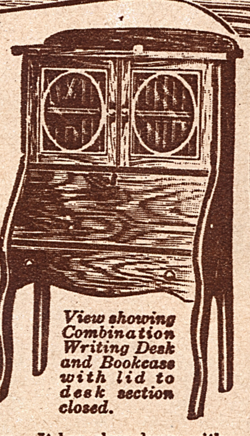
But if you decide to keep the Writing Desk and Bookcase pay only $2.50 a month—*you'll scarcely feel the expense*—until you have paid that rock-bottom smashed price, **only $24.90!** A real bargain—just compare the price with spot cash prices for equal value in the retail stores—yes, *or anywhere else.* And Straus & Schram gives almost a year to pay, besides. We trust honest people anywhere in the U.S. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit, **no C.O.D.**

Mahogany or Walnut Finish

This Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase is handsomely designed on lines that will harmonize with all other furniture in the room. Substantially built to withstand years of constant use. Comes in your choice of *dull brown mahogany or a beautiful walnut finish.*

Veneered Drop Lid

The drop lid of the desk section is five-ply veneered, front and back; the remainder is of strong, durable hardwood, beautifully finished. The desk section has six vertical and three horizontal pigeon holes; plenty of room for paper, envelopes and letters.



View showing Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase with lid to desk section closed.

The bookcase compartment above is divided into two shelves. It has glass doors with handsomely finished three-ply veneered frames and graceful circular grill work over the glass. Has wide roomy drawer below; ample room to keep books and valuable papers. Wooden knobs on drawer and bookcase doors. Combination bookcase and writing desk measures 27 inches wide, 15 in. deep and 58 in. high. Comes fitted with lock and key. Shippng weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from Southern Indiana warehouse.

Order Mahogany by No. B7847A; Walnut by B7848A. Send $1.00 with coupon, $2.50 monthly, price $24.90.

Bargain Price

Send NOW!

Only a limited number on this special sale at the bargain price. Only $1.00 with the coupon brings the Writing Desk and Bookcase on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your $1 plus all freight charges refunded. A real opportunity; don't miss it! Send coupon *now* while this offer lasts.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings, furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2525 Chicago

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2525 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Writing Desk and Bookcase, I will pay balance at $2.50 per month. If not satisfied, I will return the Writing Desk and Bookcase within 30 days and you agree to refund my $1.00 and any freight charges I paid.

(Check finish desired.)

☐ Mahogany Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase, B7847A, $24.90
☐ Walnut Combination Writing Desk and Bookcase, B7848A, $24.90

Name ______________________

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. ______________________

Shipp'ng Point ______________________

Post Office ______________ *State* __________

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here ☐

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026

Chicago, Ill.

ised Combination
e trial. If I keep
.50 per month. If
se within 30 days
ges I paid.

, B7847A, $24.90
B7848A, $24.90

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUBYE DE REMER'S HUSBAND

Movie Weekly

MAY 3
1924

10¢

New Styles in Screen Lovemaking

Where are those Old-timers Now ?

Betty Jewel
Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER

Scanned and Donated to Archive.org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth 2026